SAD NEWS RECEIVED.

Prof. Abbott, of Butler College, Indiana,

Betrothed to Miss Clara F. McIntyre,

of Lexington, Drowned Wednesday

-Wedding to Have Been in August.

Miss Clara F. McIntyre, of Hancock

street, received a telegraph message,

Wednesday night, announcing the death

by drowning of her flance, Edgar W. Ab-

bott, a professor at Butler college, Irv-

Miss McIntyre, who has lived nearly

all her life in Lexington, with her aunt,

college was requested to recommend a

graduate to be a teacher at the Butler

college at Irvington, Miss McIntyre was

TOOK THIRD PRIZE.

Arlington Veteran Firemen Get Change

for the Eureka.

petitor by 14 feet.

The summary:

Eagle, Lynn..... Newton, Newton

Red Jackets, Cambridge.
Hancock, Brockton.....
Eureka, Arlington...
Neptune, Newburyport...
Active, Weymouth...
Union, Braintree...
Lynn

Newton, Newton
Somerville, Somerville...
Defender, East Weymouth...
Everett Veterans, Everett...
Protector, Brockton...
City of Lynn, Lynn...
Conqueror, South Weymouth...
Hingham Veterans, Hingham...

Enjoy a

Cool Breeze

these hot days by having a fan

motor. For sale or to rent

Electric Torches

just the thing for camping out.

Gas and Electric Stoves

Flat Irons, Curling Irons,

Third prize was deemed better than none, and the Arlington lads made the most of it. On their way home they were met by the drum corps and escorted into the Center with brooms displayed on every hand to announce their success. After a short march, the tub was taken to its retreat to await another chance for victory.

of Luck-The Victory Duly Celebrated-World's Record Is Wanted

The third prize at the firemen's muster at Combination park, Medford, last Satwas won by Arlington veteran

but had to content themselves with third money, which was \$75. The first prize

bridge, who are famous for having good luck at musters, and although they might have won under any conditions.

they received the favor of a change in the wind just in the nick stories

consequently beat out the nearest com-

with the old Eureka. The boys

Wednesday morning.

Ind., the death occurring

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORN-ING FROM POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

ARLINGTON, MASS., JULY 27, 1901.

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COOL, COMFORTABLE $AND_{-}DRESSY$



VOL. 3. NO. 43.

are our custom made suits of navy blue clay serge, light weight cheviots and stripes. Our handsome Flannel suits are the most elegant all around suit that is made, and are appropriate for business wear or social occasions. They will not Miss Ellen E. Simonds, graduated last pull, pucker or crawl out of shape. and fit, finish and trimming are perfect.

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Repairing and Pressing Neatly Done.

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Marshall & Grant.



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Pictures.

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THE WRONG WAY

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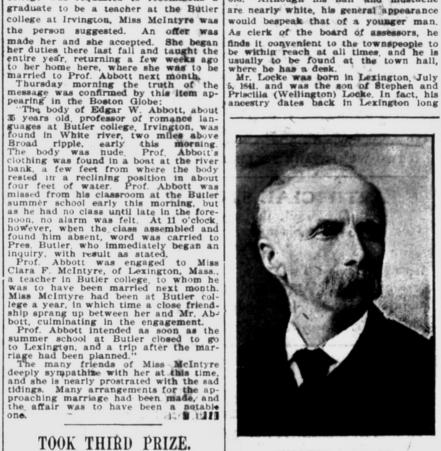
Heaters, etc. Portable Lamps and Fancy Shades.

A BUSY MAN.

Assessor Everett S. Locke, of Lexington, Sees His Sixtieth Birthday -Too Busy With Public Duties to Celebrate-Veteran of Civil War.

Everett S. Locke, clerk of the Lexing this month. Being almost buried in work compiling the amount of taxable property in Lexington, he had no time to stop to celebrate the birthday, but he will seen be able to enjoy something of a rest, for the worst of the assessors' duties are over for the year. Mr. Locke carries his age so lightly that it is hardyear from Radcliffe college. When the ly possible to believe him to be 60 years Although his hair and mustache are nearly white, his general appearance would bespeak that of a younger man. As clerk of the board of assessors, he finds it convenient to the townspeople to be within reach at all times, and he is usually to be found at the town hall, where he has a desk.

Mr. Locke was born in Lexington, July 5, 1841, and was the son of Stephen and Priscilla (Wellington) Locke. In fact, his ancestry dates back in Lexington long



EVERETT S. LOCKE.

-Courtesy of Boston Journal.

before the Revolutionary war. The first 12 years of his life were spent in that town, but from there the family moved to Waltham. Mr. Locke attended the Waltham public schoots, and was a graduate of the high schoot. He continued to reside there until he was 20 years of age, and then returned to his native town, where he has since lived. Early in May of 1863 he was married to Miss Ellen E. Goddard, who still lives. In the summer of 1864 he enlisted as a recruit in the second artillery, and served until the close of the war. During the greater part of the time he was stationed near Newburn and Plymouth, N. °C., and while there were no heavy engagements there at that time, Mr. Locke engaged in a large number of skirmishes, and the artillery was constantly on the move. On one occasion, when in a company of ten other comrades, he was nearly surrounded by a squad of rebel cavalry, but after considerable fighting and manoeuvering, the entire eleven succeeded in making an escape.

petitor by 14 feet.

The Eureka was the cixth tub to play, and while it lost time in getting on to the platform owing to a slight accident, and in consequence but two streams were thrown as against three streams for all the other companies, it held the record until the Red'Jackets, who played twelfth in line, forged way ahead, aided by the favorable breeze. The last to play was the Hancock, of Brockton, and second prize was wrested from the Eurekas by a small margin. The prizes were \$250, \$150, \$75 and \$25.

ed by a squad of rebel cavalry, but after considerable fighting and manoeuvering, the entire eleven succeeded in making an escape.

After the war, Mr. Locke came back to his native town and went into the employ of a tinsmith and plumber. He had previously learned the trade from his father-in-law in East Lexington. He had charge of the shop in Lexington for several years, and finally bought out the business, which he successfully managed for 27 years. He sold out in January, 1990, to Forrest Hooper, of Woburn, who has since been in control.

While Mr. Locke could never be called an office seeker, the townspeople have honored him with important positions which he has held with marked ability. Next spring he will have completed his sixth year as water commissioner for the town, and is now chairman of the board. In March, 1900, he was elected an assessor of taxes, and was re-elected last spring, receiving a handsome endorsement from the hands of his fellow citizens. He also received the appointment of water registrar last March. He is serving his second term as clerk of the board of assessors which position keeps him very busy for several months during the year.

When George G. Meade post, G. A. R., was organized in 1873, Mr. Locke was a charter member, and since that time he has held nearly every office within the gift of his comrades. He was elected commander in 1889 and 1890, and then, after a lapse of ten years, he was again elected in 1900, and re-elected last winter, and he is now serving his fourth term in the chair. He is also a past master of Simon W. Robinson lodge, F. & A. M., and is a member of Menotony Royal Arch chapter, of Arlington. He has been a past master workman of independence lodge, A. O. U. W., and is the present financier of that body, holding the office for ten years.

Three children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Locke. Alonzo E. Locke, of Oakland street, Lexington, who is connected with the firm of Adams & Co., bankers and brokers in Boston, is the eldest son. Mrs. Mattie C. Bennett, of N

every hand to announce their success. After a short march, the tub was taken to its retreat to await another chance for victory.

All the firemen are discussing the breaking of the record for play by the Veterans, of Gardner, at Gardner, Saturday, when 241 feet and 10 inches was made. Up to this time, the record had been held by the Quinsigamonds, of Hopkinton, with a play of 241 feet, 8% inches. The Arlington boys claim they will never be satisfied until they have beaten this performance, and they believe it possible with the Eureka. Of course, conditions must be very favorable, and a good strong wind must be with them. Such a record depends upon chance, but as chance may come their way sometime, they are patiently awaiting it.

A CONTRAST NOTED.

A CONTRAST NOTED.

Editor Enterprise: From an observer's point of view, the last issue of your esteemed contemporary, the "Independent," contains much that is humorous. The anathemas directed against the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company are in curious contrast to the position held in the recent campaign, when, as everyone knows, whatever influence the "Independent" possessed was cheerfully and ungrudgingly given to electing the railroad's representative on the board of selectmen. This accomplished, why not accept the consequences as cheerfully?

To quote the Independent, "We gave them (the railroad) our time and our influence, and we refused pay for our labor, etc." Now why this sudden distillusionment? Has the Independent just waked up to realize the popular feeling regarding the railroad and its mismanagement? Or has the corporation been treading on the editor's toes?

An Observer.

MRS. ELLA BASSING.

Mrs. Ella Bassing, of 1145 Massachusetts avenue, Arlington, the widow of the late Jacob Bassing, died Thursday morning. She was 20 years of age. The funeral will be from St. Agnes' church, this morning at 9 o'clock. Interment will be at Mt. Auburn cemetery.

The Dorcas society will hold a lawn party on Squire's field, Massachusetts avenue, Arlington, Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. Refreshments of all kinds will be served. There will be games, music, etc., and a good time is anticipated. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Arlington Line Bible school.

HELD FOR MURDER.

Slayer of Officer Cody to Face the Grand Jury-Witnesses Tell Story of the Shooting—Government Claims the Crime Premeditated, while Defence Asks for Discharge, or Complaint of Manslaughter-The Italian Fruit Pedler to Appear Against Smith—Defendant Unconcerned.

and the omcer was prostrate upon the ground, then the siayer, who had stepped back a few feet from his victim, considered the project of ending his life. Then stepping forward again and holding the revolver close to the officer's body, the fatal shots were fired. Judge Aimy says the law does not define how long a time is required for a murder to be premeditated, and as there was hesitation between the second and third shots, he prefers to have the final decision rendered by 12 men rather than, by one.

Dr. Alfred J. Hawkes, of Medford, furnished the most important testimony given at the hearing Thursday, and his word went far to prove to the court that neither the first nor second shots were fatai ones, and that Cody was not seriously injured until the last three shots had entered his head and body. Of this point the doctor, who was an eye witness to the tragedy, is confident.

During the hearing the defendant sat in the prisoners' dock with but little appearance of concern upon his face. He seldom looked at the witnesses who stood almost directly in front of him, and pad little attention to anything that was said. The confinement of the past two weeks in the Cambridge cell has not had a very pleasing effect upon him, for he looked more depressed in spirits than when he was before the court when the case first came up. Once during the hearing he almost laughed outright. It was during the testimony of Dr. Hawkes when he was then asked if there were any marks on Smith's face previous to the shooting. The doctor hesitated for a moment, and asked for a clearer question. He was then asked if there were any marks of violence perceptible on the prisoner's face. "Well," said the doctor, with a smile, "if it's black marks you mean, I don't believe I could tell, but there were no white marks to be seen." This statement seemed to amuse the prisoner for a moment, but he quickly resumed his downcast look. When he was led from the court room, he nodded to several of his colored acquaintances who were present.

Chief of Polic

reaumed his downcast look. When he struggle in the three food Thates to everal of his colored acquaintances who were present.

From the struggling in the st

Premeditated, while Defendant Unconcerned.

For the killing of Police Officer Garrett plants Smith—Defendant Unconcerned.

For the killing of Police Officer Garrett plants of the plant

and leave matters to the court and the attorneys.

George Theophilus, the Italian fruit peddler who was engaged in the fight with Smith previous to the summonsing of Officer Cody, was present in the court house, but did not testify. He was located by Chief of Police Harriman soon after the shooting, and will be at the trial of Smith if the latter is indicted by the grand jury. The testimony of the Italian is expected to be very important. The case against Smith has so far been handled by Chief Harriman, who showed Thursday in court that he was as efficient in conducting the case as in ferreting out evil doers. Of course he asked the witnesses no questions, but was the giviser of Judge Almy, who represented the government. He was ably assisted in the court room by Officer Hooley, who had charge of the witnesses.

Daniel Duggan, of 7 Sawin street, Arlington, died at his home, Thursday. The deceased was a very popular young man, and was 25 years of age. He was unmarried and lived with his mother, Mrs. Honora Duggan. Being a good singer, he was often called upon to participate in amateur minstrel entertainments, and scored fine success. The funeral will be this morning, with service at St. Agnes church at 10 o'clock.

APPENDICITIS VICTIM.

Allen Werter Griffin, aged five yearnd eleven months, only child of Edward D. and Ida M. Griffin, of Broadway, Ilington, died last Saturday. He wtaken sick Monday, and his illness eveloped rapidly. Wednesday an opertion for appendicitis was performed, to complications developing, he could rapily

SOME SUMMER COSTUMES. BY JOSEPHINE ROBB.

The frivolous season is upon us. With glad relief heavy fabrics are laid aside and the thoughts of milady turn to chiffon and dimities. There is a certain pleasurable excitement in preparing the summer wardrobe, as this season is for many women a holiday one, and the gowns are accordingly appropriate for the gay flittings of the summer butterfly. As a matter of fact, there is not any radical change in the fashions. The styles of 1856, when Eugenie set the fashions for the Second Empire, are to the front. Skirts remain long—longer if anything, than they have been—long all the way around. They flare tremendously at the hem, and it is astonishing to note the amount of material that may be utilized in one woman's gown. Circular flounces and accordion pleats are more popular than ever. The skirts are fitted closely and follow the lines of the flare of the flounce. Some fullness is introduced about the hips of the new gowns, but it is either stitched flat or else arranged to lie close to the figure by means of tapes tacked to the material on the under side.

There is a decided line drawn between the fashionable long skirt and the outing

Inder side.

There is a decided line drawn between the fashionable long skirt and the outing costume. No medium length skirt is to be found among the new styles. Either the gown must have a decided sweep at the back and sides and come completely to the floor in front, or else it must be undeniably a golf skirt, made of double-faced cloth without lining, of course—heavily stitched around the hem and just clearing the ground all around. This is the skirt for the hygienically disposed woman to wear on our city streets, but her fashionably inclined sister will choose the long costume, which, she insists, is the more graceful.

Etons and boleros still reign. Sleeves are of various degrees of picturesqueness. The undersleeve is still retained, but in many and peculiar forms. A flowing, broad effect halfway between the elbow and wrist, with an undersleeve of thinner material, and lace or ruffles falling over the hand, is popular. This is newer than the plain band at the wrist which has been worn all winter, and which is so unbecoming to most women. There is a decided line drawn between



Belfast Linen Gown Courtesy of Miss Carroll

The long-waisted bodices are more fash-

The long-waisted bodices are more fashionable than ever. The favorite corsets
bought now are made with a low bust,
long waist, straight front and long,
tightly-fitting hips.

This promises to be a white, fluffy season in the way of fashions. Innumerable
thin, transparent-looking materials are
shown, and the shops are full of filmy
gowns of mulls, lawns, batistes, dimitles
and grenadines. Perhaps the dealers had
in mind our torrid summer of 1900, and so
are forewarned this year. The thin costumes are certainly pretty and becoming,
and, unless the weather bureau plays us
some unforeseen trick, they will be
greatly worn. Self-colored mousseline de
sole, figured in polka dots, stripes, double
dots, or rings, is immensely liked. It is
a cotton material especially recommended for seashore wear, as it retains both
its color and crispness. Organdie mulls
in large floral designs are also used.
Polka-dotted swisses, batistes, cotton
crepes and organdies are all pretty and
inexpensive. They can be bought as low
as 12½ cents per yard. Dimities as old
as the hills but always popular are, paradoxically, as new as anything. Silk
ginghams come in beautiful designs, and
can scarcely be distinguished from silk.
They are thirty inches wide, and run
from 40 to 75 cents per yard.

Linen gowns are exceedingly good. An
exclusive and very much admired model
is the brown Belfast linen costume. This
little göwn is made with circular flounces
at the bottom of the skirt, headed and
edged with bands of linen in the natural
color, which are hand-embroidered and
stitched in blue, green and brown. Corticelli silk is used for this embroidery. The
bodice is full, and opens in front over a
vest of fine tucked white muslin. A
broad collar and revers of the embroidered linen border the opening. The
sleeves are tucked lengthwise and are
finished at the wrist with little turnover
cuffs of the linen. A shaped and heavilystitched belt completes this attractive
gown, the apparent simplicity yet exquisite finish of which proclaim it th



Gown of Pale Gray Louisine and Lace

etails" of a costume are demanded of the would-be fashionable woman. Much mamentation is used now on all cos-times, but it must be good, and applied ith the most fastidious neatness and exterity. Embroidery and stitching are und on all gowns, forming often their ole ornamentation. Never was there a

time when machine-stitching was more popular. Corticelli stitching silk, size D, which is put up on one-fourth ounce spools, is a very good silk, and is generally used for this purpose by the largest dressmakers.

Silk gowns will be much worn this



Pale Gray Louisine Silk and Net Costume Courtesy of John Wanamaker

Summer. The lightness and freshness of this fabric make it an ideal one for summer use. The shops show a bewildering assortment of silks. Perhaps the most popular, next to the ever-ready taffeta, is the louisine silk. This comes in several varieties—the plain, the moire louisine, the hemstitched louisine in Roman stripes of delicate colors, the printed warp, and several others, varying in prices from \$1 to \$2.50 per yard.

The beautiful gown of pale gray louisine is trimmed with insertions of renaissance lace appliqued on chiffon. The skirt is a good example of the prevailing mode. It is fitted closely about the hips with a number of short lengthwise tucks—stitched with the silk above referred to—and flares broadly at the bottom by means of an extremely wide, circular flounce which is tucked at the top, the fulness spreading below. At the head of the flounce is a broad insertion of the lace appliqued on chiffon. The bodice is made with a bolero, edged with the lace and opening over a front of spangled chiffon. The sleeves are of the silk, laid in three clusters of four tucks each, and reach to the elbow, where they are joined by a lace sleeve extending well over the hand, Pastel tints still hold their popularity for summer tollettes, while gray is always good.

Another exquisite creation is the pale gray louisine and net costume. This gown is made over a drop skirt of white taffeta, as, indeed, are most of the hand-some costumes of light colors, and is finished at the bottom with a deep flounce of accordion-pleated chiffon. The gown itself is made in the new style of the princess or bodice skirt, which consists of the skirt and bodice being made in one piece and opening in the back, where it is held closely together by means of hooks and rings, embroidered with Corticelli button-hole twist. The bodice is pointed back and front, extending as high as the arms, and is kept in place by being carefully fitted and boned. This costume requires a good figure and perfect fit to look well. The gown clings to the figure c



Renaissance Lace Bodice Courtesy of Miss Carroll

oops of the ribbon, and is finished at the

loops of the ribbon, and is finished at the top with an accordion-pleated ruffle of chiffon covered with medallions of the lace, which are joined by three strips of the ribbon. The elbow sleeves are ornamented with insertions of lace, while below the elbow there is an undersleeve of the silk net, finished by a ribbon band at the wrist.

Among the light-weight wool goods for summer wear, veilings and bareges easily take the lead. Plain veilings, from \$1\$ to \$1.75 per yard, and forty-four inches in width, come in all colors, and are much in demand. They are deservedly popular as they are both cool and durable resembling in texture a fine bunting. There are also silk-embroidered veilings, polka dotted silk and wool bareges, and embroidered silk and wool bareges, and embroidered silk applique bareges, and embroidered silk applique is one of the newest importations. It is made with the flat plateau crown and audaciously turned-up brim which are features of the prevailing styles in millinery. Masses of finely tucked white chiffon form the foundation of the hat, while the crown is further decorated with a covering of black lace embroidered heavily in jet. The effect of the black lace over the white chiffon is extremely good. A jet buckle fastened over the brim and a cluster of pale pink roses falling over the hair complete this fetching little chapeau.

TAKE THEM IN.

TAKE THEM IN.

Quite a considerable interest has been displayed by the horse men of New England in the summer meeting of the Breeders' Mile Track association which is to be holden at Old Orchard, July 16 to 18. The purses offered are of sufficient size to attract the fast horses hereabouts and the entries are well filled. The Old Orchard track is in fine condition and with good weather there is every reason to believe that this series of races will be as good as any ever held at Old Orchard.

chard.

For those who have never visited this famous resort it is quite in line to say that it is one of the finest beaches on the American coast. There are ample accommodations of first class order and the modes of amusement are entirely up to date. The Boston & Maine R. R. has placed low rate tickets on sale for this meet, which will include an admission to the races. Ask your ticket agent about them.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



TWO WOMEN ARE TELLING TALES TO THE POTENTATE.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK, E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts, avenue and Pleasant street. Open dally from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK. Geo. D. Moore, president: R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Peirce, treas-urer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.

Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, William G. Peck, president; H. Blasdale, secretary and treasurer, Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB. Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Ad-mission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15. ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge. Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon. Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter,

Meets third Tuesday of each month in INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS. Bethel Lodge, No. 12.

Meets in Odd Fellows halt. Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8. Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152. Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room. ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77. Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachu-setts avenue, at 8 p.m. KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM. Menotomy Council, No. 1781. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massa-chusetts avenue, at 8 p.m. UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51. Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month. GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. Francis Gould Post, No. 36.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock. SONS OF VETERANS. Camp 45.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS. Division 23, Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA. Court Pride, No. 190. Meets in K, of C. hall, the first and hird Mondays of each month.

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Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only

only.

Board of health, on call of chairman,
Engineers fire department, Saturday
before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.

ing, monthly. Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.
Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman. Water commissioners, first Saturday in

each month. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH. (Unitarian.)

Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street, Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

ARDINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock. ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday even 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Services in Crescent hall. Preaching Sunday 10.45 a.m. Sunday school, 12 m. Song service, 7-p.m. Preaching, 7.45 p.m.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL. Corner Pleasant and Maple streets.
Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.

Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Fister, pastor, Gray street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames, Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services ac-cording to church calendar.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH. (Orthodox Congregational.)
Corner Park and Wollaston avenues
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pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45
Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E
meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon on | 479 Massachusetts Ave, ARLIN GION

at 3.70, Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Dog That Wears Diamonds.

Lloyd Phœnix's little Dutch dog Skipperine, called Skip for short, is probably the first dog to boast of a \$2,000 pair of three carat diamond earrings.

Skip has lived for seven years aboard Captain Phœnix's smart and fast yacht Intrepid. The little black dog is not more



LOOK AT HIS EARS.

than five inches high. Another dog named Creek also sails on the Intrepid. He is a

brindle French bulldog. Since Skip has worn the diamond ear-rings Creek has been so jealous that he has scarcely tolerated the little Dutch

Captain Phoenix conceived the idea of decorating the yacht's favorite mascet with valuable gems. So he pierced the little dog's ears with a gold needle and inserted a waxed silk thread. At the end of each shank is a gold screw cap, which is screwed up until it forms a clamp on the inside of the ear.

Skip did not take very kindly to his ornaments at first, but he is proud of them now.—Brooklyn Eagle.

For Our Little Philosophers. No one is ever beaten unless he is dis-

The sure way to miss success is to miss

the opportunity.

Aiming high does not mean firing in the air. Try to hit something.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of glad-

ness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. Once make up your mind never to stand waiting and hesitating when your conscience tells you what you ought to

do, and you have the key to every bless-

ing that a sinner can reasonably hope What a new face courage puts on everything. A determined man by his very attitude and the tone of his voice puts a stop to defeat and begins to conquer "For they can conquer who believe they

What Roy Could Do.

The other day, during the process of housecleaning, it became necessary for the piano to be moved from one room to another in a Columbus home, says the Ohio State Journal, which feat strength was undertaken by the mother and father of little Roy, aged 5. The piano was very heavy, and as Roy stood aside and watched he heard his father grunt repeatedly as he pushed the cumbersome instrument over the iloor. When they had stopped at the doorsill, Roy

rushed manfully in and began pushing alongside his father. His father instantly commanded him to go away, saying:
"Get out of the way, Roy. You can't help us any."
"I c'udn't push much," said Roy as he retreated with a look of disappointment on his face. "but I bet I c'u'd help won."

on his face, "but I bet I c'u'd help you

Refused to Desert.

Officers of the British steamship Saxodad Asphalt Floors and line, which arrived at Wilmington, Del. recently from Cette, France, to load oil, brought two sea herons, one with a broken wing, and the other, its mate, that refused to desert the wounded bird. It is uncommon for these birds to get into midocean, yet when the Saxoline's voyage was but half over the birds flew into the rigging, one breaking its wing by striking against a yardarm. It fell to the deck, was picked up by an officer of the steamship and placed in an improvised cage. Its mate steadfastly hovered over the ship until finally the door of the cage was opened. Instantly the second heron flew from the rigging and entered the cage, where it remained with the disabled bird.

A New Crusoe.

There was a tiny Crusoe on an island in the sea; He spent the afternoon upon a stone Till one by one his playmates trotted gayly home And left the tiny Crusoe all alone



And when beside his mother he was sitting down to tea He mid: "I have a secret now to tell.

If you and all the boys were there as well."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

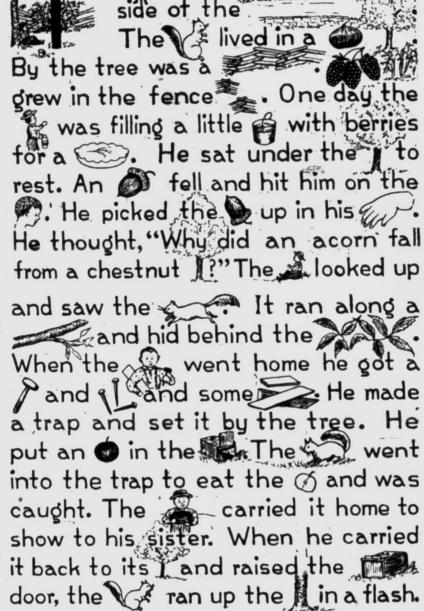
Fox and Farmer.

In this game the children form a circle, the one chosen as "fox" standing in the center and the "farmer" standing outside the circle. The farmer sees the fox in his vineyard and says, "What are you doing in my vineyard?" The fox answers, "Stealing grapes." The farmer says, "I'll send my dog after you," and the fox says, "I don't care if you do." Then the fox runs in and out between the children in the circle, the farmer following in exactly the same track. If caught, the fox goes to his place and another is nishes, Shellacs, Glass, Putty and Mixed Paints of all the leading shades on hand and for sale. Residence

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FOG IN THE CITY.

It creeps upon us softlier than snow, Obtrudes itself, insinuates its white And vapory drift until, like late twilight The high noon seems, around, above, below Through the thick veil the sudden gas jets glow Faintly, as if they fain would sink from sight,

And, hark, their notes of warning and affright Shrilly afar the dolorous whistles blow! The languid water laps about the quays, And here and there a solitary mast Rifts like a spectral finger the wan gloom. God pity those upon the broad, blind seas!

Tonight how many a one will sail his last,
Driving e'en now, undreaming, upon doom
—Clinton Scollard in Smart Set.

By N. P. Murphey.

"Whethen," said Celia, as she walked beside Larry Halpin in the shady woods of Carrigrath, "I don't think ye're half as good a hand at coortin as the quality.'

"How d'ye mane?" asked Larry. "Shure, Misther Lambert, the gintleman that's lookin afther Miss Rosy above, does the thing in betther style nor

"Blur an 'ouns, why wouldn't he? Musha hasn't he the time on his hands to larn the thrade? Shure he can be spendin his evenin's readin the books that do tache him how to coort in the best style. What chance have I av l'arnin the business, an me at work from morn-

in to night?" "That's thrue, Larry, but shure if ye only think repatedly av the person ye love, thin afther a time ye get to do the right thing to'ards her unknownst to

"Arrah, where have I the time to think?" said Larry. "No sooner nor I light me pipe an settle down at the fire an commence to see yer face, acushla, in the burnin sods on the hearth, whin, yerrups, in comes the masther. 'Larry,' ses, he, 'there's somethin on a sheep there below in the field. Go down an give her this dose av physic.' An that's the way it is wid me."

"It's bad to be set for time like that," said Celia; "but, talkin about coortin, it must be very nice to have it done the

way the quality does it."
"Shure, I'd l'arn," said Larry, "if I had some wan to tache me. Tell me how they do it, you that sees thim at it." "Well, they use the grand manner av talkin that you read av in the story

books."

"Musha, how could I get into that at all? Shure, me tongue ud be threppin over itself wid iviry word. But I'd sthrive to l'arn just to plaze yersel', though, to tell ye the thruth, I'm just as happy to be walkin beside ye wid the tongue tied in me mouth an divil a word passin atween us, good or bad." Celia tossed her head.

"Whethen, Larry, shure, that's not coortin at all. Ye might as well be a dumb animal. It's just all as wan as two pigs in the yard there below takin to

"But, shure, we can talk widout spakin in the same way as the quality. There's no ind av subjicks I have in mind. There's the childher below at Fagan's, wan av thim has the maysles, an there's Paddy Connell's cow was taken wid the

murrain ere yistherday."

"But, shure," said Celia, "there are things the quality do that we might imitate. Now, I seen Misther Lambert the other day do a thing that I read av

often in the story books. I saw him put a ring on Miss Rosy's finger." "Blur an 'ouns!" cried Larry, searching vigorously in his pockets. "If it's a ring that'll mek us be doin the thing in quality style, be the lar, we shan't be amiss av that." He produced a little ring, after first turning out of his pockets a pipe, a

prayer book, a pack of cards and a quantity of hay. "Here, Celia, take this grand ring from me. Tessy Hanahan there below gave it to me. She got it in wan av thim penny prize packages."

With great solemnity Larry invested
Celia with this testimony of his homage

and fidelity. While the ceremony was in progress, Celia blushed and assumed an air of coyness, faithfully copied from Miss Rosy, who had so recently been a participator in a similarly happy transaction. She gazed with delight at the ring, the diamonds of which blazed magnificently in the rays of the setting sun. "It's rael good av ye to do all this for my sake," said Celia, reproducing a phrase from her favorite novelette.

Larry scratched his head in frantic search of an appropriate quality reply.
"In throth it is, an divil a lie in it," he said, unable to think of any better remark

"Shure, that's not a properly quality answer at all, Larry," said Celia re-proachfully. "Ye should put yer hand on yer heart-not there, shure, that's yer chesht; aye, that'll do—an say 'Celia,' ses ye, 'that's a mere nothin. I'd pluck the stars out av the sky for yer sake,' ses ye, 'an lay thim on yer pure white brow!'

"Begor, that's an iligant spache. Av coorse, I'd give ye anything I have," said Larry, laying his hand on his heart in pursuance of his tutor's instructions. "The ring is nothin, Celia; it's only wan av the soort that's found in penny prize pack-"Dear, oh, dear, Larry, ye're terrible! Shure there'd be no vartue in it if it was chape. Ye must make out that ye've sac-

rificed everything to buy me this ring to rificed everything to buy me this ring to show yer devotion, d'ye mind? It's not the ring itsel'; it's the love it shows in the thrubble ye put over yesel' gettin it."

"Tubbe shure," said Larry penitently.

"What a gom I am, all out! Now, thin, Celia, I've been through fire an wather an crossed hidges an ditches an gripes to git at that ring for ye. Thin, whin I seen it at the bottom av the lake there below, about a thousand feet, I dived in an picked it up wid me teeth at the peril av gittin a sevare cowld."

tin a sevare cowld."

"That's not bad at all," said Celia encouragingly. Larry, thus stimulated, proceeded, with increased vigor:
"Tubbe shure. But that's nothin—nothin at all to what I would do for ye if I wor put to it."

Celia hung her head and in every way comported herself like any other young lady in receipt of a declaration of love as depicted on the front page of family now.

depicted on the front page of family nov-elettes.

"But what am I to be at next?" said Larry.
"Ye must thrimble wid violent love, so as to make me believe that ye'd die for

tial frame. "Musha, wouldn't I die for yer sake, alanna?' "Stop!" cried Celia. "Ye mustn't say

alanna. That isn't quality, ye know. "Well, an what?"

"Ye must say me darlint or some sich."
"Very well. Now, Celia, I'm ready to die for ye, me darlint or some sich, an even when I've done that no fear av me to stop there itsel'. I'd go on wid me sacrifices. I'd cut off me tobaccy an porther just to be able to buy ye penny packages wid di'mon' rings secrayted 'ithin thim an goold bracelets, me darlint or some sich. I'd walk from here to Ameriky on wan foot, so I would, for ye. In fact, I don't care what I do so long as ye say that ye're satisfied, me darlint or

Celia looked up with a languishing air and a deep sigh.
"Oh, Larry," she said, drooping her

head like a swan in the last stages of dis-solution, "this is so suddint! This is come upon me like the flashes av the tundher an the lightnin. Shure, I nivir knew that yer affection was so powerful

sthrong."
"Arrah, don't be goin on that way!" cried Larry indignantly. "Shure, didn't ye know that same months ago?"

"Be alsy now, Larry; that's thrue enough what ye say, but it wouldn't do to let on to it if ye want to behave like the

"Very well," said Larry, with a dissat-isfied look. "Go on; I'm lestenin." "As I was sayin whin I was intherrupted be yer unmannerly intherruption, Lar-

ry, yer proposhual is quite unsuspected. It has quite startled me out av me sivin sinses, so it has, an I feel bewildhered altogether. Now, Larry, d'ye mind, if I was 'ithin wid the damask curtains an the settees an the divans covered wid plush I'd make it me business to swoon.

'Arrah, what's that at all?" "I'd fall down in a dead faint, an thin ye'd run over an dhrag me to me feet." "Av the flure, is it?"

"Not at all, man. It wouldn't be quality for me to fall on the flure. I'd slide gracefully on to the couch covered wid beautiful plush velvet:" "Och, melia, murther, it's terrible mis-

erable it is altogether. Do they nivir laugh when they're at it?" "Laugh, is it?" cried Celia, shocked.
"Av coorse not. That ud be ag'in the rules altogether. If ye laugh, it's a shure sign ye're not in 'arnest. Ye must be lookin down hearted an miserable at all times. Ye must walk along the roads wid yer two eyes stuck on the ground an nivir pass the time av day to anybody. Ye must be lvir thinkin av the beloved objick an nivir lave her out av yer mind. Ye must do ivirything wrong. Ye must pour the tay into the sugar basin an bile the dinner in the pig's pot if ye want to

show ye're raely in 'arnest." Larry looked at Celia, aghast.
"Now, look here, Celia," he cried fierce "I'll go off to Ameriky next week I'll go right away from here an I'll nivir

"Splendid!" cried Celia, clapping her hands. "Begor, Misther Lambert couldn't do it a bit betther." 'Oh, that's not quality coortin! I'm

"Grand, intirely!" said Celia, thoroughly delighted at the wonderful improve ment her lover had made in his "coortin" education.

downright in 'arnest now, so I am."

"Goodby to ye, Celia, an I hope ye'll be gettin a quality man who'll be able to say all thim things ye've been tachin me widout feelin a born idjut." Larry turned on his heel and strode to-ward the road. Celia stared after him a bewildered look in her eyes. Then an ash gray pallor crept over her face. She

hurried after Larry and took his arm.
"Arrah, Larry," she said, "shure ye
wouldn't lave me like that?" Larry looked down into the appealing

little face and took her hands. "Shure, ye're not talkin quality now, Celia, bekase if ye are I shan't stay wid

"No, I am not, Larry; I'm talkin from the bottom av me heart this minyet."
"Musha, I couldn't stand that ramash at all! Shure, it ud be the death av me to have to go through it from day to

"Whethen, if ye don't like it we'll give it up," said Celia, trembling with the dread of losing her lover. "Very well, alanna," said Larry, smil-

ing. "Afther all, isn't the way the quality coort, acushla, terrible melancholious Celia said nothing, but nestled close to Larry. He took her in his arms.

"It's nothin but dhrimmin dhu nonsinse. I think this is a betther way altogether, eh, alanna?"

"Indade it is, Larry," murmured Celia.

-Black and White. When the Kangaroo Is Dangerous.

The kangaroo seems poorly provided by nature with offensive weapons. His powers of biting are not formidable, and his fore paws are so weak as to seem almost rudimentary members of little use. His hind legs are muscular and strong. but are apparently of use only to assist flight from his enemies. On these hind legs is found, however, a most formidable weapon in the shape of a long claw as hard as steel and sharp as a chisel-as terrible to dogs as the scythe chariots of the ancients were to their enemies. When run down, the kangaroo, placing a tree behind him to protect his rear, will seize in his fore paws such indiscreet dogs as rush up to him and, holding them firmly, disembowel them with a sweep of his sickielike claws.

Even the hunters themselves thus caught in the viselike grip of an "old man" kangaroo of the larger breeds have sometimes suffered in like manner and have now and then taken their own turn at being hunted as the enraged animals turned upon them and attacked their horses with blind ferocity.

How Wifey Scored. "Robson, do you know why you are

like a donkey?"
"Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't."
"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

ness itself."

The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the possibility of a glorious little dig at his wife. So when he got home he said:

"Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat pityingly as she answered:

answered: "I suppose it's because you were born so."—Exchange.

But He Did. Her Mother—I saw him kiss you! I am terribly shocked. I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such

me sake."

"I see," said Larry, making laudable
efforts to excite a tremor in his substanhim a pair of gloves he daren't!

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.

Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, July 27, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN

Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg. Frank R. Daniels, 606 Mass. avenue Arlington. Mrs. Margaret Deane, 55 Park avenue, Heights.

H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room, Heights. J. C. McDonald, L. & B. waiting room, Heights. Edward I. McKenzie, B. & M. station, Heights.

TEACHING AGAIN.

Here we are, with all our multifarious duties and pleasures, actually teaching "the young idea how to shoot." for we are giving an hour's instruction to a bright girl, each day, in language lessons, and we a good deal enjoy it; and we are making no little success of our work, either by reason of the taking ability of the bright girl, or for this other reason that we have not wholly forgotten how to instruct-we are not positively sure which of the two reasons is the more nearly correct. Language as the expression of thought is one of the most delightful of studies. To know how to say it, is an accomplishment. And here again in this study with our lone pupil, we go back to nature, and try in every possible way to impress upon the mind of our ten-year-old girl that Nature always adapts her language to whatever subject she may have in hand. The flowers of the field speak in their delicate way, while the sturdy oak of the forest, bending and swaying to the winds, tells its story in quite a different language. It seems to us that in all lessons given in language, voice culture should constitute a prominent feature. The voice adapted for the street is hardly fitted for the parlor. To know just how to express a thought is quite as important as to express that thought grammatically correct. When we say how to express a thought," we have reference to tone and quality of voice. We have had said to us "Please" and "Thank you" in so uncouth a tone as to send a cold shiver down our spine. There was not any sort of logical connection between the "Please" and "Thank you" and the grateful acknowledgment to be conveyed. So we insist that language, in its fuller meaning, properly takes in voice culture. So in our present teaching we are laying much stress upon what is to us so fundamental in all language. In all well spoken and well written language, nature is the highest, and, indeed, the final authority. She, the teacher of us all, never makes a mistake. She never says "yes" when she means "no," neither does she ever make a mistake in the use of the several cases, nor has she ever been known to wrongly define and misapply the different modifying elements of either the verb or the noun We verily believe that one intelligently for love with the outward world would Thinally come into possession of a choice language, although largely untaught in the schools. At any rate, we are giving to our class of one a broad definition to

THE SUMMER PERSONALS.

the study of grammar.

That country journal which makes it a point to publish in the way of summer that purpose. This much is due the subscribers. Many of our country newspapers have, during the warmer months of the year, little in the line of news, aside from the publication of those names at the seashore or at the mountains. Now all this cannot rightfully be termed news, for long before the start is made it has become a well known fact throughout the neighborhood or town that John Smith and his family and Richard Doe and his family, and so on to the end of the list, will occupy their summer homes by the shore or elsewhere. A previously known fact can in no wise be denominated news. While it is well enough to have in print this gossipy column it should by good rights appear in supplemental form. We journalists ought not to allow our weekly paper to suffer in its substantial reading matter by publishing in the main body of the sheet that Tom, Dick and Harry, with their wives and children, are away from home "until Sept. 1." All this migration comes about as surely and with much the same regularity as the sun rises. So why publish in any form what everybody knows is to happen? But if these things must be, if these names are to be published in the weekly journal, then let it be by way of a supplement. We are a good deal tired in reading each week the long-spun-out personal column in so many of our country journals. Why should we give our readers "a stone when they ask for bread?" But, says someone, why not be consistent, Mr. Enterprise, and so have nothing to do by way of publishing this summer personal column? Our answer is, that we are doing just as little as possible in this gossipy way, and are praying that the time may soon come when we shall do none of it. When you have a newspaper come into your home, three-fourths of which is patent matter, and the remaining one-fourth mostly filled with personals, you are not receiving an equivalent for your subscription money. What we need to do, brothers of the quill, is to take off our coats, put on our thinking caps, and go to work in live earnest, although the glass does register 90 in the shade. It isn't worth a dollar a year to simply pretend to inform our readers of that which they already know, and so tell them who is away from home. Our business as journalists is largely at home, and with those who remain at home. Let our work be instructive in every instance, and whenever we are to play a burlesque, let it come in a supplementary way.

THE UNTIMELY PRAYER.

e untimely prayer is likely to avail little or nothing, and yet how many such are made in the home, and even in the pulpit and in the Friday evening prayer

There ought to be a logical relation we are revelling for a half-hour at least, hip between the prayer made and the each day, in seeing our garden green;

end or blessing sought. It would be a good deal absurd to thank God for the summer time while the winter is well on. Nothing could be more ridiculous than praying for good health, and yet never taking a bath. That minister shoots wide of the mark who prays that his church may be "built up in the most holy faith," and yet who winks at the shortcoming of its members. To say grace over a dinner so illy prepared that t can only beget dyspepsia is the most laughable of farces. The truth is, and we may as well say it as think it, the most of our extemporaneous prayers are dle and arrant nonsense. Now don't al at once exclaim with holy horror that we do not believe in prayer. We do believe in it when it comes as an intelligent expression of a sensible wish, or when it said in the way of real thanksgiving and praise. We heard, very recently, the following expression in a prayer from the pulpit on a Sunday, "O Lord, deliver us from every sinful thought. Now the clergyman well knew that such a request could not possibly be answered by Omnipotence Himself, so long as we are in the flesh. Even the Christ was not delivered from all sinful thoughts, for it reads that "He was tempted in all points as we are." We ought, in every instance, to approach Deity as a being of eminent common sense, while as a matter of fact we approach him as One little understanding the needs of His creatures. Not only are our prayers frequently ill-timed, but they are just as frequently informatory, as though Omniscience didn't know! Our prayers should always be timely and to the point. That was a model prayer of the publican which expressed itself in those memorable words "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.". The Lord's prayer covers the whole ground, and every word of it makes a count. The public prayer on a Sunday is oftentimes a mere mechanical arrangement, placed on the program of exercises so as to fill a certain portion of time. The lover of Nature never wor ships her in field or wood in any formal way. He comes to her with his prayers laden with petition and thanksgiving, and offers her at once his heart. It should be in no way different when we approach the God of nature. We have no little sympathy with the good old man who asked his wife at morning prayers in the having season, where tha chapter of scripture was to be found in which was the verse reading, "Make hay while the sun shines." Now this good old Christian farmer had an intelligent appreciation of the relationship tha should exist between the family devotions and the time of their offering though he was a bit off on his Bible literature. It is the formal, ill-timed prayer that killeth. It isn't necessary that one should pray three times a day in order to be an accepted child of the kingdom. But when you do pray, mean every word you utter, and let it be spoken in season, and never out of season. It isn't your much praying that removeth the mountain, but it is praying with a well-considered purpose that se-

"WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT FARM-

cures results. 'Let us pray" should un-

derscore the truth that we have an in-

telligent idea of prayer.

Why shouldn't we write upon the above subject, when we have a generous halfacre garden here at Kinderheim in a most promising condition? Just think of it! We have peas nearly ready for the table, and besides, we have beets, tomatoes, cucumbers, melons and corn and other garden truck rapidly coming on under this July sun and these summer rains. Of course, our man Michael does the work, while we furnish the agricultural science. There is a real, unalloyed pleasure in knowing how a thing should be done, and then having somebody else do it. And right here is where science plays an important part in each and every department of labor. Science stands with its two hands in its pockets, and bosses the job. That man whom you see on the public highway standing with his arms folded or with his hands under his coat tail, looking all the while wise as an owl, overseeing a gang of men hard and constantly at work, he is the scientific man, and while he knows it all, and so understands how the job should be done, he is mighty careful that he performs no manual labor in the doing of it. Science sits under the shade or the apple tree, perfectly willing that others shall do the sweating. The science that best suits most people is that which rids

them of downright hard work. Well, we very greatly suspect that we belong to this class of scientists-at any rate Michael is doing all the work in the half-acre of garden of which we are so proud, while we tell him how it should be done. Our orders, if orders you call them, are given in no authoritative way, for Michael comes from "Bostin," and so knows a thing or two himself. He reads the daily papers, and keeps himself posted upon current events, so we treat him judiciously and with becoming respect. Still, he does the work and we are quite willing that he should. But, seriously, there is a real pleasure in caring for a garden, and seeing it grow. No day passes on which we do not go down to it, and walk between its rows of corn, and watch with never-failing interest its growth of vegetable life. Everybody remembers in what a delightfully interesting way the late Charles Dudley Warner wrote "In My Garden." The garden has always been a prolific subject in the

world of song and story. "Come into the garden, Maude," long ago became the sweet poetry set to that sweeter music so familiar to all. Adam and Eve had a pleasant experience in gardening, and had it not been for that sweet apple tree known in those earlier times as the "tree of knowledge," we all in this present day might have been living in, and happily cultivating, our own little Edens. Fortunately, however, in spite of Eve's curiosity and determination to learn each and every method in gardening, and in spite of Adam yielding so easily and gracefully to that further knowledge to be gained, and yet forbidden under penalty of death, still we have our own little gardens, outside, it is true, of that eastern Eden, where we have a right to all the trees that grow therein. And as "all is well that ends well," we are not sure that Adam and Eve did other than a good thing for posterity by clubbing the best tree in the garden of their own Eden. Be this as it may, the garden in our day and generation stands first and foremost in the scriptural command, "Go till the ground." And so, here at Kinderheim, we are revelling for a half-hour at least,

about farming.'

"I KINDER LIKE LIVING HERE." In conversation, the other day, with

ne of these Whiteface farmers, he said

o us that he supposed he might make

more money by going to the city and

engaging in business there, but he houghtfully added, "I don't so much are for money, for I kinder like to live here." Wise man, said we, for who would not prefer if he could have his choice, to reside in the open country, with these mountains always in sight with this pure life-giving air to inhale with these waters from bubbling springs to drink, and within hearing of these sweet songsters of the air, than to live in the city with its brick pavements, and ts stifled tenement houses, there to drag ut a weary life in trying to support himself and family. Money cannot purchase these favoring skies and these exquisite views on every side. These wa ers are worth more than all the madeup beverages of the city. The music of these birds is far sweeter and more enchanting than that which is heard on gala days on Boston common. If our children were rightly taught in the home and in our public schools, there would not be this stampede from country life to that of the city. It is a fault, and a serious fault, too, with our public schools that they do not early introduce the children to, and lead them into, the very innermost heart of nature. But no. they haven't time, for they are cramming their pupils for dear life for "pro-Francis Parker, that great apostle of education on right lines; said n a public address given in Sever hall Cambridge, a little more than a year ago, just when the trees were in blosthat he visited a school right un der the shadow of Harvard college where the children were literally starving to death for want of that instruction which giveth life. Said he. "The school I visited is distinguished for its oppressive and deathlike order. Each boy and girl was chained to a book, not one of them daring to look, even for a moment, out of the window to see how beautifully God had adorned all the trees with buc and blossom." Boast as we may over our public school system, and its present methods of instruction, still, they are falling far short of their duty and privilege in developing the man there is in every child. We are tired to death of that mechanical and illogical instruction which we know is given in a majority of our public schools. The teacher, as we have said and written a thousand times before this present date, is, in nine cases out of ten, largely a machine, and so he does little other than machine work. He is expected to have a class ready for promotion each year, and this promotion is based, in most instances, upon the socalled ranking system; so it is stuff and cram the pupil the whole year through. It is a wicked shame, and we believe an unpardonable sin, that the boys and girls are not taught in early life to know and ove Nature in all her varied and attractive forms. Teach them of the birds that make vocal all the air about, and of the flowers that scatter their fragrance on every side. Tell them of the earth below and the heavens above. Lead them so close to Nature that they may hear her heart-beats. It was only the other day that we took a walk with a boy eleven years of age, through these groves and woods, and through the open field, and the way the lad hurled at us his many exclamations revealed in a de ightful way the children's love for all that is best and most beautiful in the world about us. We make no apologies that we write so frequently of Nature for she is our text-book in all that pertains to education logically considered Nature is dur teacher from first to last and wherever and whenever she is ig nored and set aside, the fundamentals of all right education are al.ke ignored and set aside The good old farmer's 'I kinder like to live here" showed very clearly the pleasant and fortunate fact that the schoolhouse had not robbed him of that love of country life to know which and to love which are of more importance than is a college diploma with honors attached. Children and your instructors in our public schools, 'Go forth into the open field and list to Nature's teachings, and then it may be, and surely will be, that you will 'kinder like' to ive in the country.

CHILDREN GROWN. Men, after all that is said and done are nothing other than children grown. The scriptural rendering notwithstanding, still, the most of us do not put away childish things when we become men. Of this fact we have been especially impressed during the college commence ment days just passed. There has been many an anxious candidate during these recent weeks, for the honorary degrees of D. D. and LL. D. and Ph. D. and M A. and so on to the end of the list. We have known college graduates to work hard and long with influential friends that this, that or the other honorary degree might be appended to the simple name the mothers had given We always have had an added admiration for Henry Ward Beecher because he courteously refused to accept the D. D. that Amherst college, his alma mater, voted him years ago, saying, as he did, that he chose to retain the name his mother gave him. We do not say the "late Henry Ward Beecher," for such a man as Beecher never dies, We have an equal admiration for Grover Cleveland that he said "no" to the LL. D. voted him by Harvard college some years ago. What a stir it made in the collegiate world when the question was being discussed whether Harvard college should or should not honor President Mc-Kinley with that ponderous LL. D. Yes, we are all boys crying for our play-things, and if we don't get them we go away pouting, saying all sorts of ugly words. How ill-fitting and out of place would a D. D. have seemed attached to the names of the apostles, and yet some of them had a pretty tolerable knowledge of theology, and Paul, at least, who had sat at the feet of the most learned philosopher of his time, could preach such a sermon as reached the back seats, and under which no one was likely to fall asleep. We take but little stock in these so-called honorary degrees. They serve hardly other than to tickle the vanity of the recipient. And then again, they are often so placed that they make the most ridiculous buriesque of the man so honored. Why, some of the stupidest sermons we have ever heard preached have been preached by your D. D.—just such a D. D. as would put an audience to sleep before he had reached his "fourthly" and birds of the air sing to the heart of the

and all this comes from what "we know "fifthly." Our colleges may vote as they will, and do what they may, and even then they cannot make men. They cannot even make lawyers and clergymen and doctors of divinity, so why longer try? The real D. D. and the real LL. D. must be born of the man if born at all. and never of the college. But, at best, why these annexes? What better and more suggestive name can one have than that his mother gave him while she sang the sweetest of lullabies over his cradle? The truth is, the world has grown a good deal assumptive and presumptive in its modern nomenclature. We have come to use the largest kind of names for some of the smallest kind of things. when compared with the name assigned We very much question if it accords with the everlasting fitness of things (5 insist on our "Christ church" and "The Church of the Heavenly Rest" and "The Church is pastoral. of the Immaculate Conception," and so on. Why isn't it the better and truer way to have our "Little Church Around the Corner" or "The Church on the Hill" or the chapel or the Quaker meetinghouse? There is no such condition or at tainment here on the earth as a condition or attainment of heavenly rest There is no Christ church this side of heaven, neither will there ever be, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception assumes that greatest of all mysteries which as yet has not been solved Like the children, we are playing that we are men, before we have become full grown. There is no department of labor in all the wide world that will not have been the more effectively and the more easily accomplished when it shall be done in the simplest way. Our colleges and other institutions of learning need to step down from their high stilts and touch earth with their feet. God in His infinite wisdom created us men and women. He never made out of the dust of the earth a D. D. or an LL. D., and never instituted on earth a Christ church or a church of heavenly rest. Why not be content to do our work as men and women and to worship here below as pilgrims who have not yet reached the heavenly city?

ONE'S ENVIRONMENT. One's environments have much to do

with individual character and with

individual life. Of this fact we are

especially impressed in our mountain

home. Here, removed from the great

world outside, in no way connected with

its throbbing, pulsing life by the steam

and electric railway, we find, as one

might naturally expect, a quiet, happy

people who are as contented "as the days are long." No one here has a note due on the morrow, and though this people may have no bank account in their favor, they have at the same time no bank indebtedness over which to fret and worry. Men and women here apparently owe no one anything save "to love one another." Here, a neighborly feeling largely prevails. The folks go and come into each other's homes without formality, and at any time of day, and they always go and come for a chat. At this season of the year their talk is mostly of the weather and the hay crop, all the while wondering if it will be fair tomorrow. They will predict with a good deal of assurance that certain weather will at once follow the cutting of certain fields of grass. It was only vesterday that we heard one of these knowing farmers say that he knew there was to be a downfall of rain, because his neighbor had mown his "acre lot" by the roadside, and, with a twinkle in his eye, he added that "rain always comes when this acre lot is cut." enough, it did come. We enjoy greatly these informal calls made here. It does us a real good that we may run into these scattered homes at whatever porion of the day, by way of the back door, and find there are no apologies to be offered by the man of the house because he is in his shirt-sleeves, and no apologies to be offered by the good housewife because she is not in afternoon dress. Here, one takes the people as he finds them, and you are received as you are. Just think for a moment what a relief it is to find husband and wife "at home" ready to receive you the moment you call-no time are you compelled to lose by waiting for the mistress of the house to change her dress, powder her face and prim her hair. This people are ready to receive at once, and without ceremony, and besides all this, they are always at home, if such be the fact 'Not at home' is so frequently returned to the caller at the more popular homes in our cities and large towns while at the same time the husband and wife are at home, but not wishing to receive the caller, lie out of it in a way which has now become the unwritten law of the 'upper ones' in social life. At one time, when a resident in New York, we had occasion to call on the Reverend T. De Witt Talmage, at his then home, 1 Oxford street, Brooklyn. Our pull at the bell was answered by one of the ser vants, when we inquired if Dr. Talmage was at home. The reply came, "No. he is over in New York." There was some thing in the manner of the servant's "no" that convinced us that the Rev Dr. was at home, so, entirely ignoring her answer, we said, "Our errand is somewhat an important one, so you will greatly oblige us by taking our card to the doctor's study, assuring him that we will not trespass upon his time beyond a few moments." The servant, without further say, took our card to Dr. Talmage, in response to which we were conducted into the parlor, soon after which the veritable doctor made his appearance, and gave us a pleasant interview. Now, Dr. Talmage had unques-tionably instructed his servant to say 'not at home' on certain days which he desired especially for himself, and so he played the cheat in a double way, for he not only lied, but he compelled his servant to lie, which was the meanest part of the whole business. And yet Dr. Talmage can and does preach on truth fulness as one inspired. Why cannot men and women tell God's truth about the ordinary affairs of life? If one does not wish to receive the caller, why not say so? Why not be brave and hones in little things, as we term them, as well as in the greater duties of life? The truth is the truth, and a lie is a lie, and both are as immutable as God Himself Well, this people are not responsible for this lying "not at home" saying. Now this and other differences telling in favor of a simple, honest country people come about in their living so near to and, indeed, in God's natural world. The open

countryman; in all their melody there is not one false note. It is, indeed, our environment that makes us largely what we are. When truth reigns supreme all Asparagus, about us, we can hardly be otherwise than truthful. In the country one has fewer temptations to meet and overcome, while the city and larger towns in the rush and push of business life, and in the ten thousand jealousies and compe titions of society life, are bound to get 'there," however much they have to lie about it. The country is just as God made it, while the city and its suburbs are as men and women have made them; and there is an infinite difference between the environments which God sets about us everywhere in the country and those which men place about us in the city. We shall never cease singing of country life. Its music is set to all that

What exciting fun there is in being eaught out in one of these mountain loudbursts! Last evening, as we were making our way homeward from the postoffice, a cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" at first sight, made its appearance in the west, and hardly taking more time than it does to tell it, it spread itself over the whole heavens in a threatening way, and then came down the downpour, accompanied with the zigzag lightning and the crashing thunderbolt. Being remote from all human habitation, we just had to be brave and face the elements; but didn't the rain come down, and didn't the lightnings play dangerously near our mortal bodies, and didn't the terrific peal on peal of the thunder deafen us to every sound? Fortunately, however, we outrode the storm. and so came into the promised land, for the rainbow appeared, saying, "There shall be no more flood," and so we feel safe until the next cyclonic and electric storm is on.

Well, the glass has been on the climb here this week among the mountains, as well as in Boston and its near suburbs. On Tuesday, the glass stood, at Kinderheim, at 96 in the shade and at 115 in the sun. We sat at our writing desk, coatless and vestless and collarless. Further than this, good taste does not allow us to tell. But you may be sure we had on as little clothing as the law allows. However hot the day may be, we have deliciously cool, refreshing evenings, so that our sleep is undisturbed, and our dreams delightfully peaceful.

After we had written an editorial on 'Untimely Prayer," we read in the Boston Evening Transcript its able and sensible editorial on "praying for rain," having especial reference to the proclamation recently issued by the governor of Missouri setting apart a day of special prayer for rain. Get the Transcript of July 16, and read the editorial if you have not already done so. We are more than confirmed in our editorial by what the Transcript says.

in New Hampshire this present summer more generally than heretofore. It was a happy thought on the part of ex-Governor Rollins, that one day in the year should be given to the absent children of the Granite state. Why not have home week in Massachusetts?

Talk of heavy showers in Massachusetts! Why, you don't have them, as compared with the showers we have in this north country among the mountains. The truth is, the electric storm is manufactured here, so we get it first hand

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THE ENTERPRISE. Telephone, Arlington 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, July 27, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY: H. V. Smith, Lexington.

L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington. W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

IN LINE WITH PROGRESS.

To further her material progress, as well as to establish more definitely her identity, Lexington needs a national bank and a co-operative bank; at least, such is the opinion of a large number of people, who believe the national bank would be a distinct success from the start. Lexington has a peculiar advantage in this over what she has ever had before, owing to a recent enactment whereby a town of less than 4000 inhabitants may capitalize a national bank for \$25,000 instead of \$50,000, as in the case of larger towns. This means 250 shares of stock at \$100 a share. The history of the Arlington bank is a guide for this line of investment by which Lexington can well profit. There was some skepticism at the time of the establishment of the First National bank of Arlington, many doubting its ability to pay its way. Nevertheless, its promoters and organizers, with the forethought and courage which challenges admiration, raised the money and established the bank, and its splendid success today shows the wisdom of their action of a few years ago. A Lexington national bank would secure deposits from a large number of people who now do business with other banks, chiefly Boston banks, and the convenience to all parties concerned would be beneficial. With so small a capitalization, it would seem very easy to raise this amount, and the Enterprise would suggest a meeting of some of the representative men of Lexington to discuss ways and means toward carrying out the project. Such a local bank would command the account of the town of Lexington, the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company, a co-operative bank should one be established, possibly the Lexington Savings bank, all the business houses, and individual accounts without number Like a great many other public improve-

ments, this idea has been discussed, but has ended with discussion rather than

Perhaps equally important is the idea of a co-operative bank. It is a savings bank with the difference that a certain obligation is created whereby an investor has a certain contract to fulfill before his shares mature, and where he must pay or throw up the contract with loss of interest. While anybody can save money by depositing in savings banks, the fact must still be faced that the majority of people save by compulsion, and the disposition to save in a savings bank may be overborne by the propensity to spend. With a co-operative bank, this is different. He must complete the contract or lose the interest on the money put in. This incentive alone tends to cause investors to complete their contract, and thus, by small monthly payments, they acquire nest eggs before they hardly realize it. One of the best features of a co-operative bank to the average man in moderate circumstances is the acquisition of a home of his own secured by easy payments, leading eventually to its complete ownership without encumbrances. How many readers of the Enterprise have mortgages on their homes which they undoubtedly meant to discharge long ago, but which remain just as large as the day they were put on. By a monthly payment amounting to about what the rent on the same piece of property would be, the principal is gradually reduced and the interest paid until after about a dozen years the contract is completed, the house is owned by the depositor, and the obligation has been cancelled in an easy manner. If at any time, through good fortune or good management, the owner of the homestead finds a way to pay off the mortgage more quickly, the co-operative bank gladly cancels the mortgage. Communities are doubly prosperous where the citizens may stand in their own front yards and say, "It is all my own." No yards and say, "It is all my own." No considered.
man with ever a particle of energy can advisement.

fail to be his own landlord and creditor with the help of the present co-operative bank system of Massachusetts. By all means, let us have the Lexington National bank and then the Lexington Cooperative bank.

LEXINGTON LOCALS

Mrs. Cora E. Woodworth, of the Center, obtained Nellie Hurley from a Boston employment office, recently, and after the girl had worked two days she disappeared, taking away with her a diamond ring, a silk skirt and \$4 in money. The girl left the place last week Friday, but was captured at South Boston, Monday. She was brought to the Concord court Tuesday, and after a continuance to Wednesday, she was found guilty. She was placed on probation for a week, and given a chance to return the stolen articles. Sentence will be given her Wednesday.

W. V. Taylor has returned from Pemaquid Harbor, where he has been for the past two weeks. Rev. Mr. Holt, of Lynn, preaches at the

Baptist church tomorrow. A tennis tournament will begin on the Old Belfry club courts next Saturday W. H. Ballard, A. P. Redman, L. T. Redman and A. F. Turner are among the

Miss Emma O. Nichols will give a re-port of the International convention of Christian Endeavor, at the society's meeting at the Hancock Congregational church, tomorrow evening.

Dennis Donovan has returned from a voyage on a cattle steamer to South Af-

Mrs. George W. Spaulding will spend the remainder of the season at Popham beach.

Mr. G. W. Herrick is at Winthrop, Me. for the remainder of the summer. Mr. Frank M. Cobb and family are spending a vacation at Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Thurston and Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Conley are spend-ing a vacation at Salisbury beach. Miss Sarah Robinson is on a visit to

he Buffalo exposition. The south meadows near East Lexington are regarded as a possible source for the increasing of the town's water supply. An expert has been making investigations for several days, and may make some discoveries. The project of doing something with the Monroe meadows will coubtless be abandoned owing to reports from the state board of health.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The services at the First Parish church tomorrow will be conducted by Rev. Carleton A. Staples.

During the month of August the union services of the Unitarian and Congregational churches will be at the Hancock Congregational church.

WILLIAM LOCKE.

William Locke, of East Lexington, died at his life-long residence on Massachusetts avenue, Monday afternoon, aged 79 years. The immediate cause of death was a cancer, from which he has suffered for some years. The funeral was Wednesday afternoon, and was conducted by Rev. L. D. Cochrane, Interment was at the Lexington cemetery, his two some Rev. L. D. Cochrane. Interment was at the Lexington cemetery, his two sons and two nephews being pallbearers. Singing was by his granddaughters, Misses Alice, Corinne and Beulah Locke, and was at the request of the deceased made just before his death. A number of relatives and friends were present at the service.

Just before his death. A number of relatives and friends were present at the service.

Mr. Locke was a son of Jonas Locke, and was born in Lexington, March 3, 1822. By trade he was a contractor and builder and also a stone mason. He followed this line of business for many years, and had a reputation for always sticking to a bargain, whether he gained or lost by it, and his work was always above reproach. He was not anxious to make many friends, but those who were intimate with him found his friendship always strong and steadfast. He was married to Miss Mary A. Garmon, of Lexington, in 1851, who still survives, and two sons. Irving Locke, of Lexington, and William O. Locke, of Providence, R. I.; also a sister, Mrs. Abigail Buttrick, of Lexington, During the past few years, when Mr. Locke was unable to do other work, he busied himself with his plants and flowers, and was very much attached to them.

WANT TO CONSOLIDATE.

A hearing was given before the railroad commissioners, Tuesday morning, on the petition of the Lexington & Boston and the Woburn & Boston roads, which want to consolidate. Colonel Woodward appeared for the roads, and at first all seemed well, when a hearty opposition was found in the person of City Solicitor Frank P. Curren, representing citizens of Woburn. He said that Woburn had given a franchise through one of its best streets to the Woburn & Boston road, under condition that the fare from Woburn to Boston should be five cents. Citizens are willing that the consolidation should be made if an agreement is also made to reduce the through fare to five cents. All that the roads would say is that something of the kind might be considered. The matter was taken under A hearing was given before the railroad The matter was taken under

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LEXINGTON.

MRS. FRANCES H. PRESSEY.

Former Lexington Teacher Dies at Canon City, Col.—Graduate of Class of '71, Lexington High School.

of '71, Lexington High School.

Mrs. Frances Hutchinson Pressey, formerly of Lexington, died at her home in Canon City, Col., Saturday.
Coming to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Hammon Reed, when an orphan of six years, she continued to reside here until her marriage, in 1882, to Charles F. Pressey. Educated in our schools, a graduate from the high school in the class of '71, she in turn became a teacher in the Hancock primary. Among the youngmen and women of the town are many who never speak of their teacher, "Fannie Hutchinson," save in terms of particularly affectionate remembrance.

During her residence of fourteen years in the west, necessitated by weakness of the throat, and by which disease she was finally prostrated, she has ever retained a warm interest in all that pertains to Lexington. Mrs. Pressey leaves a husband and son. Her brother is Mr. John F. Hutchinson, of Lexington.

East Lexington.

H. S. Teel, of this place, has moved to Arlington, on Jason street, where he has erected a new and handsome house. Kathleen Thomas, daughter of John Thomas, of Warren street, fell from a tree in her father's yard, last Saturday forenoon, and fractured her right wrist. She was playing she was a squirrel, and was jumping lightly about when she lost her balance and fell.

David Boynton has been granted a

David Boynton has been granted a pension of \$12 a month. Assessor Charles Kauffmann goes to Hempstead, L. I., next week, for a short

George Harrington, who for weeks has teen in the Massachusetts General hos-pital, suffering from the effects of a fall, has returned. He is still under treatment,

but is rapidly recovering. Mrs. C. T. Kauffmann, who has been suffering from a trouble with her knee, is improving

Miss Mildred Caldwell is at Beverly Miss Marion C. Dinwoodie leaves to-day for a few days' vacation at Manches-ter, N. H.

Miss Mary F. Kauffmann graduated Thursday from the American Institute of Normal Methods in Music at the New England Conservatory of Music.

AT BEAR HILL?

Theodore W. Park, of East Lexington, is reported as being at Bear Hill, Waltham, where he is supposed to have gone with his household goods a week ago. No effort has been made to definitely locate him.

North Lexington.

Frank Conisius was before the court at Concord again Thursday, this time for assaults on Mrs. Hossfield and her son. He was adjudged guilty on both complaints, and was placed under \$200 bonds for one year to keep the peace. The alleged assault took place at the Hossfield home, and Conisius, who claims to own the property there, but who can show no proof of his claim, took a rifle from the hands of Mrs. Hossfield, using much force in so doing. He then took the weapon and twisted the barrel so badly that it will be of no use in the future. He claims the rifle was damaged when he took it from the complainant, and that it struck against a tree. Mrs. Hossfield had put up a sign. "No trespass," and had hoped this would keep the defendant off her premises, but the charm did not work.

George S. Teague has found his lost door but it is dead. It was discovered.

George S. Teague has found his lost dog, but it is dead. It was discovered in a well near the electric car power station, Tuesday. The top of the well had been removed, and the animal had evidently fallen into it when it was dark.

HE SAW IT. WILL YOU? Bewildering Sights on Every Hand. One who has recently returned from the Pan-American at Buffalo opines thus:—"It would be difficult for the most gifted writer to adequately portray and describe this wonderful Exposition." In the choice of the site, a most ideal selection was made and the person who has not visited the grounds has but a slight conception of the marvelous heauty and conception of the marvelous beauty and colorings of the buildings. What was a barren waste is now a most artistic park barren waste is now a most artistic park land adorned with a wealth of foliage and innumerable fantastically designed beds of flowers. The part played by electricity in the mammoth show has never been equalled and the grounds and buildings are dazzlingly radiant with an electric illumination which is to the beholder almost bewildering. The Midway is the best yet according to exposition goers, and in a few, all too short, hours one gets an inkling of the life of half a dozen countries. Uncle Sam has an exhibit which is the admiration of every visitor. Music, and there is music everywhere, and by fine bands and musical organizations, too. Every visitor gets his money's worth and ten times over at that. There are a thousand other features which might be mentioned, but you will see them when you get to Buffalo. Did you know that the Boston & Maine has several routes to Buffalo? either one of which has attractive features galore; and if you are a Pan-American tourist, send to the General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Raliroad (X), Boston, for the book "Pan-American Information." It's a corker, and you'll enjoy perusing it. It's free for the asking. adorned with a wealth of foliag€

A FINE TIME ANTICIPATED.

The announcement that the big Ocean Park assembly at Ocean Park, Me., on July 25, begins its season and will continue to September 2, means a great deal to thousands, who have anxiously awaited the time for this great mid-summer festival. Few places on the Atlantic coast offer greater inducements for the camp-meeting attendant. There is everything there—a fine beach, a delightful climate, a camp-meeting ground without an equal, and a patronage of exceptional proportions. Old Orchard, of which Ocean Park is a part, is a beach semicircular in shape, and some eight miles long. The crowds at Old Orchard for the good that a quiet outing affords. The diversions are several, and include ocean bathing, fishing, boating, sailing, and the numerous harmless amusements found at the high class resorts. Old Orchard's big ocean pier is one of the chief attractions of the place, and from the end of the pier, which is more than a thousand feet from the land, there is always a cool breeze. The Orchard Beach railroad is a means of reaching the Saco river at Camp Ellis, where boat connection is made for Biddeford Pool. The Ocean Park grounds are delightfully arranged, and the meetings held there are always largely attended. There is plenty of good music, many interesting speakers, and, all in all, few summer camp-meetings can compare with it. During the meetings, which continue from July 25 to September 2, the Boston & Maine R. R. will sell tickets to Ocean Park at reduced rates, and if you want a delightful and profitable outing, go to Ocean Park.

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-Courtesy of Boston Budget

DESERTED FARMS.

Relics of the Past Speak of Happy Days—Mountain Climbing Has No Terrors for the Enterprise Editor—Mt. Washington an Objective Point.

Whiteface, N. H., July 23, 1901.

Dear Enterprise: To make the most of a summer among the mountains, one the temptation is to ride when you want to take in held and pasture and wood at his own asweet will, to take in held and pasture and wood and the near wood of the shade of the wood at his own asweet will, must follow the road. If carriage, you must follow the road, and the narrow foot-path which attract, and not the open highway. And then shade of the wood at his own asweet will, must follow the road. If carriage, you may a remained to go alone unless, as we have said need

ous, winding way we said to burselves that along this very path has the murner followed the remains of his dear friend to the grave; over this neglected and almost forgotten lane have lovers walked as they pictured in glowing colors their united future; here have the children sported on their way to schooland so it was that we attempted to take in that one of the way that we attempted to take in that one of the way that we attempted to take in that of the way that we attempted to take in that of the way that we attempted to take in that of the way that we want of the word occurry by-good is aways backwards. It tells of yesterday and never of the tom rrow. It is the place above all others where one recites his review lesson. To have and to enjoy your own companionship, and to do your best thinking, you must betake yourself for a little season as defrom the world. It must have been for this very reason that Christ so frequently took himself apart from the crowd. You will remember how the Great Teacher at times when the evening was approaching was to be found a lby himself, in his boat upon the sea of Gallilee. We all must have our nooks and corners and lanes remote through grove and wood, when at times more or less frequent we betake ourselves for an inward search of our own personal befng; when we may bring ourselves face to face with Nature, praying that she may lay holy hands upon us we need, too our Sea of Gallilee. Where we may repair at eventicle. Well, on we went our lone way, never for a moment losing sight of the mountains, passing here and there a well-worn bridge crossing the little murmuring brook sending its silvery waters seaward as in the years gone by. Here we sat awhile that we might listen to the sweet lullaby of its melodious song. Have you never, dear reader, laid yourself down, on a summer afternoon, on the grassy banks of a trout brook, and while gazing up through leafy shade in the world about you. How it is now, midway between your waking hours and dreamland, you wonder how one can have an

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WOMAN AND HOME.

ONE OF THE WHITE HAIRED NEW WOMEN OF YESTERDAY.

Maidens of Holland-Silver Prints on Linen-Prefer Courtship to Marriage-Girls Who Ride In Cars Care of Jewels.

There is a certain little group of white haired, gentle old ladies whose reminiscences contain interesting stories of a time already past. At every woman's convention, mothers' congress or similar assemblage we see them. They are the new women of yesterday, they who "demanded," who "clamored," who "insistwho horrified the old women of the day before with their unheard of ideas. They move about so quietly, with their pretty white hair, their simple, old fash-ioned attire, that the wonderful club woman of today and tomorrow, who may be shocking them, who knows, rubs her



MRS. EDNAH DOW CHENEY.

eyes, wonders if they ever did really shock any one and feels it impossible that "they who turn the world upside down" can have "come hither" in their persons.

One of the less well known figures in this little group which comprises such women as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Julia Ward Howe is Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney, famous in her day as a journalist and agitator in all women's movements. She worked energetically to establish and advance the freedmen's aid movement and belonged and still belongs to a bewildering number of organizations with the word "woman" in their charter. She long held the vice presidency of the Women's Club of New England and the presidency of the Massachusetts Women's Suffrage asmodiation.

Since 1862 she has been an officer of the New England Hospital For Women and Children, of which she is now president.

In 1853 she was married to Seth Wills Cheney, the artist. Among the numerous books she has written is a widely circulated biography of Louisa M. Alcott. She is now living quietly at her home in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Maidens of Holland.

Dutch girls talk rather loud, move decidedly and are often bright and ready in manner. They are frequently very pretty, with fair hair, blue eyes, white teeth and pink cheeks—that is, the Saxon type. The Frisian type is tall and slight, with bright color and a quick, eager look. Some of the best families are descendants of those who came to Holland after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and ill show their Huguenot

These joyous, alert young girls settle down into the sedate matron which every Dutchwoman thinks it her duty to become. They have strong domestic tastes and affections and when married are devoted to their homes, their hus-bands and their children. They know how to make their homes bright and comfortable. A great deal of luxury is found in houses of the higher class. Marble halls, painted ceilings and thick carpets, beautiful workmanship and delicate detail are as apparent as of old in the houses of the bourgeoisie as well as in great mansions.

The Dutchwoman thoroughly understands household management. She prides herself upon giving excellent food and has a well appointed linen press, but superfloors prettinesses are wanting. One will see fine old silver and precious delft ware at the little dinners she is fond of giving, but there will be no flowers on the table and the guests do not dress for dinner. Ladies at The Hague and among the highest class are as cosmopolitan, as smart and as beautifully turned out as in any society in Europe, but the bourgeois has not much idea of dressing well and will appear at the breakfast table in dressing gown and slippers, not exactly untidy, but chosen more with a view to the comfortable and the economical than the becoming, says the Philadelphia

Ledger. A woman who does not marry and who has a little money can lead a very pleasant life. After 25 she is allowed as much liberty as if she were a married woman. More girls of the higher classes remain unmarried than of old and fill their lives with many interests. Living is cheap in Holland, and a woman can live comfortably on £150 a year and is quite well off on £200, able to afford her own house and a good servant, to go constantly to the theater and to travel in the summer.

Silver Prints on Linen.

An inquiry has been received regarding silver prints on linen. These may be readily made by the use of a preparation called sensitol, which can be had at almost any photographic supply house.

The sensitol prepares the surface of the finen to receive the print. In other words, it sensitizes it. The sensitol may be used by gas or lamp light or in very dim daylight, but as soon as the material has been oated it should be put in a dark, dry

First wash the goods to be sure that no tarch remains, and dry them smoothly. Lay the part of the goods upon which you wish to print on a piece of glass, and it is ready for its coating of sensitol. To apply this, first fill a medicine dropper, which can be had at any drug store for 5 cents, with sensitol by first pressing the bulb to exclude the air, and then be fore releasing it dip the end in the sensi-tel. Remove the pressure on the bulb and the tube will all with the liquid. This is done tust as the dropper is used

for medicines. Now tie a little soft cotton around the end of the glass tube and saturate the cotton with sensitol. The liqnid above will work down and keep the cotton moist. Use this cotton to brush over the goods where you wish to print. When the material is thoroughly moistened, lay it away in the dark. It will adhere to the glass beneath and will thus dry smooth. As soon as it is thoroughly dry it is ready to be printed upon. Treat it just as you would printing paper from this point on. Keep it from the light until you are ready to use it and put it in the frame with the negative as usual.

It is well to experiment first upon a waste piece of goods. The printing should be continued until the shadows are quite brown and until the details of the high lights show. The print should then be placed in running water for at least ten minutes to remove the yellow stain.

The print is to be toned and fixed in the usual manner, after which the piece of linen may be washed any number of times in the ordinary way without affecting the permanency of the picture. This same preparation may be applied to paper and used on stationery or menu

Full directions for the use of sensitol may be had with the preparation from your dealer. It will be well to ask for these directions, as they are more explicit than those given above and explain how to overcome possible difficulties which may arise with the use of fabrics. -Housekeeper.

Prefer Courtship to Marriage.

That all women do not act alike is proved by the fact that many indulge in courtship as a pastime, while others naturally look upon it as the next step to marriage, says a matron who has chaperoned many "buds."

But those women who make a pastime of courtship are different from those who do not. They enjoy nothing better than courtship, but marry they will not.

Women of this type do not distrust men, neither do they think unkindly of them, but they simply take a delight in making slaves and worshipers of men as long as they can. They feel—and, in fact, know—that they can do what they like with men before marriage, and it is this knowledge which keeps them single. Being opposed to marriage on the ground that it would deprive them of the pleasures and privileges of courtship, they do not allow their hearts to be touched by love for any man. They have a will of their own which not the handsomest nor richest man could alter. He might go down on his knees, make the most touching love speech imaginable, but the kind of woman referred to would only

smile. They are not necessarily heartless women, but it is just such performances that they greatly enjoy seeing men go through. This sort of thing is really what they live for. It is part of their existence. They never grow tired of it, and they derive great satisfaction at being able to rule men's hearts and to be able to command them to obey their ev-

ery desire.

They must not be called deceivers, for they are not. They will allow themselves to be courted, but they will not promise to marry. Women of this class, as a rule, are beautiful and fascinating, but the man who has lost his heart to such a woman pays no attention to her refusal to become a wife, and if he succumbs to a broken heart it is clearly his own fault. They do not mind being called pretty names-they rather like it-but they draw the line at kissing. They regard that as offensive and only permissible between engaged couples. They do not make love themselves. Their happiness is derived from the silly things said to them by the men who are making a desperate fight to win their hearts. But they are not to be won. Marriage they would not have at any price.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Girls Who Ride on Cars.

manners deplored the practice of young girls traveling to and from school daily on railroad trains, says Margaret Hamilton Welch in Harper's Bazar. He regretted this because the girls must go alone or in groups of other girls, and the independence thus gained was somewhat, he thought, at the expense of that charming attribute of any woman, young or old, a dignified reserve of manner. He ascribed to this and to other kindred practices the fact often deplored of a certain deterioration in the manners of American girls, a too early rubbing off of the fine bloom of maidenly modesty—all of which are not Mr. Howells' words in any part, but merely the gist of his thought. It is well worth thinking of by not only the suburban girls who must make the trip to town and back every school day, but as well the girls in town who spend, many of them, almost as much time on the public conveyances twice every day for five days in the week.

It is so easy to be noisy, a little free and conscious, to fancy that the persons about you are impressed with your conversation and to talk for their benefit. These little habits grow, imperceptibly, but steadily, till they become a fixed manner. A first and, indeed, almost the only rule needed for conduct in a public place is to strive constantly to efface yourself. Avoident word or action that will call attention to you. This for conduct, and for conversation with a companion remember always to speak in a low tone, to omit the mention of your friend's name and, above all, to suppress the names of persons of whom you may be speaking. This last caution may save you bitter humiliation or embarrassment, for intimate friends, relatives even, of those upon whom your words may carelessly or unkindly dwell may be close beside you.

Care of Jewels.

There is a woman in New York who has made herself famous and invaluable among the wives of wealthy people by taking care of their jeweiry. Once a week in the height of the season she makes a round of the jewel boxes and carries all her cleaning appliances with her. When she sets to work, she fastens about her waist a big apron of chamois skin and then opens a half dozen different bottles and boxes of clean-

ing fluids and pastes.

With a little instrument she first tests the settings and then dips the ring or pin repeatedly into a little eau de cologne. While she works she uses a powerful magnifying glass, and for a stone that has an accumulation of dust or grease or soap on its underside, as often happens with rings, she dips it alternately in soapsuds and eau de cologne and occasionally uses a very fine, soft camel's hair brush to reach in between the prongs of the setting. When the stone is thoroughly clean, it is buried in a jar of fine sawdust to dry.

Emeralds and other green stones she

cleans by soaking wads of absorbent cotton in pure alcohol and burying the gems therein until all the alcohol has

evaporated. Once in every season she restrings the necklaces of pearls under her care, and when the owner cannot arrange to wear a fine string of these gems once in two weeks the cleaner lays them in a cup of warm wheat flour or lukewarm fresh milk just to keep their skins in good con-

When Visiting the Sick.

When calling on a convalescent, wear some simple gown, not black, and a hat without plumes. Avoid jewelry or purse or ornament of any kind that jingles. Leave your furs and umbrella in some other room, and, if the day is cold, be careful to remain outside the sickroom until the temperature of the house has modified the chill of the open air still clinging to one's dress after first coming indoors. This touch of cold is very trying, especially to a neuralgic patient, who is painfully sensitive to any slight change of atmosphere.

Never sit on the bed, but choose a straight chair and place it at a convenient angle for the patient to see without strain, says The Ledger Monthly. Choose pleasant, friendly subjects for talk. Sometimes the sick one will suggest what she wants to hear about after her long separation from the world. It is always safe to wait for such a lead—that is, if conversation is permitted. If the case is still of such a character as to forbid this. it will be wise to restrict topics to impersonal subjects.

Do not speak of a wonderful appearance of health after such an attack, because in the first stages one does not like to come out of such an ordeal looking robust or even fairly well. It is better to modify expressions of congratulation to a few well chosen hints as to recovery.

Household Worries.

It is truly the little things that make up life, and it is the little worries that bring crow's feet and gray hair to the housekeeper. When the stove does not bake as it should or the bread refuses to rise, the tiny wrinkles come, and we make as much fuss over the mishaps as though a city had fallen. Then perhaps right in the midst of our troubles comes the news of a grief to another so great that for a of a grief to another so great that for a moment we feel ashamed that we are not happy and joyous as the day is long, with our tiny minor troubles that are really, after all, but bubbles that burst as soon as the light of a smile rests upon

Yet within an hour, perhaps, we are troubled with household worries as much as ever. They are numerous, as any housekeeper will not deny, yet I doubt if it's worth while to make oneself and one's family miserable just because we are annoyed. Ever since Eve and Adam set up housekeeping for themselves outside the gate of the garden of Eden there have been household trials that at times make one wish to be an angel. But we are told that trials come only to broaden our natures and sweeten our tempers. If that be so, it requires an amount sometimes to accomplish the object .- Elmira Telegram.

Avoid Scented Stationery.

There is nothing which shows a woman's character much more clearly than a letter, and, apart from her writing, one judges of her sefinement or lack of it largely by the stationery she uses.

The paper should be plain and good, with the address printed or simply em-bossed in plain characters. All florid and fanciful lettering and elaborate and showy monograms, etc., should be avoided. says Home Notes.

Certain women have a great fondness for perfumes, and those who have it have greater need almost of discretion in the matter of scenting their paper even than they have of scenting their chiffops. One often sees people, and especially men, Mr. W. D. Howells once in one of his fling down a note in disgust when detected yet amiable criticisms of life and ing that it is scented. If perfumed stationery be used at all, it must only be by women, and then, at most, a faint odor of orris or violet should pervade it, for a highly scented note always gives one an idea of a want of refinement in the

Brushing the Hair.

When brushing the hair, part it down the center with a comb, then brush straight across each side of the head from the parting out. Never brush the hair from forehead to nape of neck; that is an incorrect movement. Continue to part the hair lengthwise or diagonally, in small sections, holding one side back and brushing the other side. Go over the head in this manner—twice if your strength doesn't give out. When this is finished, brush the hair straight up from the forehead with several strong strokes; then twist the hair loosely in the left hand, throw it up and over the head and brush the roots at the outline of the hair on the neck from ear to ear.

An Inexhaustible Lamp.

An inexhaustible lamp is among the re-cent French inventions. At the base of the lamp is provided a large reservoir for oil, which is transferred to the oil fount containing the wick as needed. The latter is attached to it by means of a tube containing a valve mechanism. When the oil in the lamp runs low, it can be pumped full simply by raising and low-ering the fount by hand. The weight of the reservoir so near the lamp proper makes it unusually safe and difficult to

Miss Ellen Terry has a friend who ob tains the portraits of the actress as soon as published and puts them in her rooms "It made me quite wretched when I last called." said Miss Terry. "There was I weeping in her bedroom and mad in her dining room, while in the front parlor I was positively dying in three different

There are only two women in the United States who are allowed to frank their letters, Mrs. Lucretia A. Garfield and Mrs. Julia D. Grant. A franked letter goes through the mails without postage, bearing their signature either stamped or written upon the envelopes instead of Uncle Sam's postage stamps.

Where a surplus of oil is disliked on salad each leaf may be brushed by a large full brush which has been dipped into the oil. Vinegar then sprinkled over will almost entirely disguise the oil taste, while returning enough flavor for pi-

To make cloth rainproof stir one ounce of sugar of lead and one ounce of pow-dered alum into a gallon of rain water and when clear pour off the liquid. Soak the cloth in this for 24 hours, and when dry it will be found quite rainproof.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of bus-iness or residences have a telephone con-nection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these may desire to establishments.

establishments.
Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office,
Main 1686.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
Croscept Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 258.

Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 858. David Clark, Arl. 89-3. Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2. Gannett. Main 3856-3. C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
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J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. F. Hook, Hay. 1642-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
Litchfield's Studio, 207-3.
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.
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John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.
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31-3.
A S Mitchell, Main 1509.
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station,
21, 350; house, 329-6.
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 138-4.
E. Price, Arl. 98-2.
Peirce & Winn, Arl. 8-2.
Dr. Ring's Saratarium, Arl. 205-2.

Peirce & Winn, Arl. 8-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatarium, Arl. 205-2.
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 16-3; house, Arl.
15-2; Boston office, Main 2345.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.

Lex. 61-7.
C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4.
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
A. A. Tilden, Arl. 21354.
H. T. Weltch & Son, pay station, 21353,
Wood Bros.' Express, Arl. 242-7.
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.
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CHAS. GOTT,

450 Mass. Ave., ARLINGTON, MASS

Jobbing in all branches

Fine Painting a Specialty

Have Your Horses Shod Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

26 Mill Street, ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Overreaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such Eye troubles as are caused by Defective Vision, etc. Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded. OPTICAL REPAIRING.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements. FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician,

J. C. McDONALD, Fruit and Confectionery, Hot and Cold Soda and \rightarrow QUICK LUNCH \bowtie TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

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JAMES E. DUFFY. Hair Dresser,

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Wm. P. Schwamb & Bro. Window Screen and

Screen Door Makers. Office and Shop, 1033 Mass Ave. ARLINGTON.

We make a specialty of repairing and correctly fitting Screens and Doors. Also the repairing and repainting of Plazza Chairs and Seats. We guarantee first class work and fair prices. All communications will receive prompt attention.

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412 assachusetts Ave., Arlington.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTER-NATIONAL SERIES, JULY 28.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xii, 1-9. Memory Verses, 1-3-Golden Text, Gen. xii. 2-Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.] In chapter x we have 70 descendants of Noah among whom the earth was divided, and Deut. xxxii, 8, says that God set the bounds of the people with reference to the number of the children of Israel, although such people were not then in existence except before God. From before the world was made both the church and Israel were real to God, and He clearly saw the end when through them He would rule the world in righteousness (Isa. xlvi, 9, 10). Chapter xi tells of man's degeneracy and union against God to make them a name. This is the beginning of the story of Babylon, the end of which is found in Rev. xvii and xviii, and the great feature of which is self glorification. "Let us make us a name." Here we have the beginning of languages because of this rebellion. Then follow the ten generations from Shem to Abram inclusive. In chapter v we had the ten generations from Adam to Noah inclusive, these 20 generations being on the line of the righteous and leading on to Christ. Man apart from God ever degenerates. Sin turned Adam and Eve from Eden, sin brought the deluge and destroyed all except those in the ark, sin brought the confusion of tongues, and now after 2,000 years sin again prevails,

and from the idol worshipers beyond the

river the Lord takes Abram that He may

bless him and make him a blessing to all people on earth (Joshua xxiv, 2, 3).

1-3. I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing, and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. These are some of the words of the Lord to Abram while yet in Ur of the Chaldees, by which He would draw him from country and kindred and perform through him all His pleasure by separating him unto Himself and placing him in a land which He would in due time give him as an inheritance. Ste-phen said in his discourse that the God of glory appeared to Abram, and it is evident from another record that something more than the earthly inheritance was set before him, for he looked for a city which bath foundations whose builder and maker is God (Acts vii, 2; Heb. xi, 10). Notice in these opening verses of our lesson the fourfold "I will" of the Lord-"I will shew," "I will make" and the double "I will bless." The promises and assurances are all from God. Abram hears, believes, obeys. He died in faith, not having received the promise, for God gave him none inheritance in it, yet He promised that He would (Heb. xi, 13;

Acts vii, 5).

4, 5. "Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran." In chapter xi, 31, 32, we read that his father, Terah, who served other gods (Joshua xxiv, 2), accompanied him so far as Haran. Abram tarried there until his father died, and then, taking with him Lot, his brother's son, they came into Canaan. Did Terah hinder Abram? Might he have gone on into Canaan if he had been willing? These are not as important questions as such personal ones as the following: Am I by a lack of faith or by an unwillingness to be separate from this present evil world, hindering any dear one whose heart is longing for a closer walk with God? Am I a Terah, saying that Haran is far enough?

6, 7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land, and there builded he an altar unto the Lord who appeared unto We do not read of any appearance of the Lord to Abram at Haran, for the first verse of our lesson refers to the Lord's appearance and message in Mesopotamia (Acts vii, 2, 3), but now, Abram having obeyed fully, the Lord appears to him a second time and confirms His promise. Until we obey fully up to the light we have we cannot expect further light or revelation. This is Abram's first altar in the land. By sacrifice he worships God in His appointed way. At this place Jacob afterward bought a piece of ground. There Joshua gathered Israel for his farewell address. There he buried the body of Joseph, and there Jesus talked with the woman at the well (Gen. xxxiii, Joshua xxiv, John iv). The land was already occupied by the Canaanites, and Abram must be content with his tent and altar and to be a pil-grim and a stranger until God's time should come to give him the land.

8. "There he builded an altar unto the Lord and called upon the name of the Lord." This is his second altar in the land, and it is between Bethel and Hai. The margin says the Al of Joshua vii, 2. Bethel suggests Gen. xxviii, 19, and the story of God's gracious loving kindness to Jacob. But the principal truth and practical lesson are associated with the altar and the sacrifice. Happy is the man who, whatever be his home dwelling place or surroundings, if it be a but or a palace, in some heathen wilderness or in some great city, never fails to have his altar unto the Lord! Redemption by the blood of Christ and constant communion with Him-these are the two greatest things that any mortal can have and they are possible to all who have ever heard of Christ and of His redemption. He is calling all who have heard His voice to separate themselves from this present world and live wholly for 9. "And Abram journeyed, going on

still toward the south." It is good to be always going on in the way of the Lord. We read of David that he went on and grew great (margin, going and growing), and the Lord God of hosts was with him (II Sam. v, 10). An enlarging and a winding about is not out of place, if it be "still upward, still upward, still upward, by the midst" (Ezek. zii, 7). Peter would call it growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II Pet. iii, 18). But while on this present earth we are in an enemy's country, for even our Lord said that the devil is the prince of this world (John xiv, 80), and we need to watch and pray lest we fall into temptation. If there is one thing that the devil seems to hate spething that the devil seems to hate specially it is to see a believer wholly separated unto God and walking humbly with God, living for and relying upon Him alone. The rest of this chapter tells of some sad wandering and stumbling on the part of Abram, even a compact between himself and his wife to lie in order to save his life, and a consequent rebuke from a heathen king. Abram's faith was a matter of growth, and it had not at this time reached to that implicit trust in God of later years.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville),
4.30, 5.09 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15, 30,
and 30 minutes to 11.16 p.m. SUNDAY—
7.02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—
12.06, 12.37, 1.06, 1.37, 2.37, 3.37 (4.37, 5.37 a.m.,
Sunday) a.m.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUR

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUB-WAY.—5.01 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY.—6.01. 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)

11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)
ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL via Broadway.—
5.28, and intervals of 15 minutes to 12.03
night. SUNDAY—6.31 a.m., and intervals
of 20 minutes to 12.03, night. Via Medford
Hillside.—6.30 a.m., and every 15 minutes
to 12 night. SUNDAY—6.30 a.m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 12 night.
Elevated trains run between Sullivan
square and Dudley street via the sub-

Elevated trains run between Sullivan square and Dudley street via the subway, from 5.30 a.m. to 12.12, night, starting same time from each end, at intervals varying from 1½ to 5 minutes. Sunday, 6 a.m. to 12.12 night, at intervals of from 2 to 8 min. Running time between Sullivan square and Dudley street, about 20 min. Stations at Sullivan sq., City sq., Union station, Haymarket sq., Adams sq., Scollay sq., Park st., Boylston st., Pleasant st., Dover st., Northampten st., Dudley st. ton st., Dudley st.

ten st., Dudley st.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at office of Supt. of Transportation, 101 Milk street, Room 701.

Information regarding to rates, routes and connections with other roads cheerfully given by telephone.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.
June 15, 1901.

Arlington and Winchester Street Railway.

Leave Arlington for Winchester Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30

every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p.m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5.45, 7.56 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.06, then 11.45 p.m.

Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham Reading, Woburn and Lynn.

Sundays.

Leave Arlington Centre at 8.45, 9.15 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 p.m., then 11.20 p.m.

Leave Winchester square at 9.06, 9.45 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p.m., then 11.45.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

IN EFFECT, JUNE 24, 1901.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

exington—4.35, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 8.31, 8.43, 9.28, 9.59, 11.10 A. M., 12.09, 12.50, 2.09, 3.45, 4.39, 5.10, 6.36, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09 P. M.; Sunday, 9.14 A. M., 1.29, 4.25, 7.56 P. M. Sunday, 9.14 A. M., 1.29, 4.25, 7.56 P. M. Arlington Heights—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19 A. M., 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54, 4.45, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18 P. M. 2.48 Saturday only. Sunday, 9.24 A. M., 1.38, 4.35, 8.05. Brattle—4.47, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.05, 11.21 A. M., 12.20, 1.02, 2.20, 3.56, 4.48, 5.21, 6.50, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20 P. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M., 1.40, 4.38, 8.08 P. M.

A. M., 1.40, 4.38, 8.08 P. M.
Arlington—4.50, 6.12, 6.42, *7.09, 7.12, *7.39,
7.42, 7.56, *8.09, 8.16, *8.41, 9.00, 9.37, 10.12,
11.24 A. M., 12.23, 1.06, 2.23, 3.59, 4.51, 5.24,
5.46, 6.20, *6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23,
P. M. 2.52 Saturdays only. Sundays, 9.30
A. M., 1.43, 4.40, 8.11 P. M.

Lake Street—4.53, 6.15, 6.46, 7.15, 7.45, 7.58, 8.19, 9.03, 10.15, 11.26 A. M., 12.25, 1.07, 2.25, 4.01, 5.27, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sundays, 9.33 A. M., 1.45, 4.43, 8.14, P. M. *Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON FOR Lexington—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17 A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 6.31, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M.; Sunday, 9.15 A. M., 12.50, 6.00, 7.00 P. M.

Leave Boston Saturday only at 1.25; return at 2.40. Turn at 2.40.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17 A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 P. M., 1.26 Saturday only. Sundays, 9.15 A. M., 12.50, 6.00, 7.00 P. M.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 11.17 A. M., 12.17, 147, 2.47, 4.17, 5.17, 5.31, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 P. M. Sundays, 9.15 A. M., 12.50, 6.00, 7.00 P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, *7.17, 7.29, 7.46, Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, *7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17, 5.17, 5.17, 7.29, 7.46, 4.11, 5.17

A. M., 12.50, 6.00, 7.00 P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, *7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17 A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, *4.47, 5.04, *5.17, 5.31, *5.47, 5.55, 6.04, *6.17, 6.34, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 P. M. 1.25 Saturday only. Sundays, 9.15 A. M., 12.50, 6.00, 7.00 P. M.

Lake Street—6.25, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17

A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 4.17, 5.04, 5.31, 5.55, 6.04, 6.34, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 P. M. Sundays, 9.15 A. M., 12.50, 6.00, 7.00 P. M. *Express.*

D. J. FLANDERS. General Pass, and Ticket Agent.

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Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9.45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10.30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10.45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12.00 m. Follen Alliance, fortightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6.30 p.m., Sunday. Lenda-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, resi-Hancock street. Services-Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday even-ing; prayer, Thursday, 7.45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place. Rev. J. H. Cox. pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching. 10.30 a.m., 7 p m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7.45 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7.45 p.m., prayer meeting.

Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7.45, prayer meeting. ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave. Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9\and 10.30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS. Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN. ANCIENT

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month, IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTA-SOPHS. Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings. GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thurs day of each month. KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, fassachusetts avenue, first and third Massachusetts avenue, Tuesdays of each month. LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITA-RIAN CHURCH. Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st. EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at tone building, East Lexington. LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB. Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB. Meetings held Monday evenings, as nembers' residences, from October 15 to

THE TOURIST CLUB. Meetings held at members' houses, Monday 230 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM. LOCATION OF BOXES. 45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
48 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
52 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
54 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.
56 Bedford street—No, Lexington depot.
57 Bedford street—opp. J. M. Reed's,
58 cor. Hancock and Adams streets,
59 cor. Ash and Reed streets. cor. Ash and Reed streets.
cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

65 Lowell street near Arlington line. 72 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's. 73 cor. Mass, avenue and Woburn street. 74 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets. Mass. avenue and Percy road.
Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.
Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.
Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.

Bedford street near Elm street. Centre Engine House. cor. Grant and Sherman streets, cor. Merriam and Oakland streets 84 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets. 85 Hancock street near Hancock avenue. 86 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues. 87 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's. 89 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES. 231 Morrill estate, Lowell street. 561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS. Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC. Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping a tion, tapper at residence of Wm. B. F ter, police, tapper at residence of C. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E.

INSTRUCTIONS. Before giving an alarm be sure a fire

exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, nd let go. Never give an alarm for a fire seen at

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire. Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in

by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING Never open boxes except to give an

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

WHAT IS DRUDGERY?

CAN IT BE THE LABOR THAT MAKES HOME A HAPPY PLACE?

The Little Story of "The Happiest Man In London" and the Lesson It Teaches-Love Is the Sweetener of Daily Toil.

We hear much nowadays of the "drudgery" of woman's work. The "new" or emancipated woman looks with pitying eyes upon her sister on the farm, with her long routine of tasks, her labor stretching often from sun to sun. "Away with such drudgery!" she says and goes on her chosen way, which is patterned as closely as possible after the masculine career.

Such a woman the other day set me thinking. I went to The Standard Dictionary, and there I read:

"Drudgery-Hard and constant work in any menial or dull occupation; service marked by weariness and spiritless rou-

The definition suggested many things. Somehow I was reminded of a story taken years ago from an English paper and preserved in one of my many scrapbook volumes. I pass it on to The House-keeper sisterhood. It is entitled "The Happiest Man In London" and tells of a couple living in a single room with nothing but the most necessary furniture. For 25 years the wife had been paralyzed, and all this time her husband had been her nurse, protector, support and, most of all, her lover. She could scarcely speak, and her only strength of expression lay in her eyes, looking straight out, clear and shining. In response to a new doctor's question this hero of a man told in the simplest and most sincere

way how he lived:
"I get up early of a morning, you see, sir.' said Temple, as our hero was named, "and make our breakfast and attend to her. Then before I start for work-I'm in an engineer's employ—I just boards her up in bed so she can't fall out. I'm back at dinner hour, and we have it together. Then, when I have work, my evening soon passes. There's usually a bit of cooking to be done and washing up and the room to see to. An invalid must have things clean about her. It isn't agreeable to just lie and look at anything dirty. I like Lucy to keep bright. But there, she always is, and if occasionally she gets down I soon cheer her up, don't I, Lucy? Me and Sunny together. Sunny-that's our bullfinch. He's asleep now, covered up, you see, and I won't disturb him. But by day he's that lively! He chirps and talks away to Lucy. He's company for her, Sunny is, bless his little heart!" And the story tells how the tired man

coming home from his work goes cheerily about the cares of his little household. how he eats the tasteless meat from which Lucy's beef tes had been made, enjoying the meat the better the poorer it was, because he knew thereby that the tea was good, and how he did some wash ings to save pennies for luxuries for his dear invalid. It describes how the old man got ready for the night. He was obliged to retire early whenever possi ble. He brought warm water to the bedside and washed the hands and face of his wife and tied on her white nightcap. (In the morning he would perform her toilet again and do her hair for her, and he took pride in doing it, as he said, "as stylish as a hairdresser.") Then he arranged on the chair so as to be within reach a candle in a tin candlestick, a glass of water and a biscuit. After that he fetched a large prayer book and the Bible, read the Psalms and the second lesson for the evening and afterward prayed. He thanked God for the many prayed. He thinked God for the many mercies vouchsafed to them that day, for General Fire Insurance, food and power and opportunity to work and for a home. He remembered those that had none of these blessings and beg ged that they might receive them. He commended himself and his wife to God's keeping throughout the night.

There came a day when the friendly young doctor announced that he was going away for a month and would bring "another friend" back with him, and this is the response he had from these two who had not found life an easy thing:

"God bless you, sir! You couldn't tell me anything that would make me more rejoiced. The dear young lady! We seem to know her now, already, but we shall really see her, I'm sure?"

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor, "and you'll love her, Mr. Temple. Everybody "Lucy, did you hear? The doctor is go-

ing to bring the dear young lady.' The woman unclosed her eyes. She looked at the doctor, and her drawn face seemed flooded with sweetness. Her lips

"She says, 'God bless you, sir.' Lucy says, 'God bless you,' and when she says it she means it. Ah, we know what a blessed thing married life can be, don't we, Lucy? It's a solemn act, sir, to take a woman to be your wife. But, when the blessing of God rests upon a union, marriage is a sacrament that brings you an added grace. Your faith grows, and your love grows, and your nature deepens. You learn many things. I'm old, and I've lived, but the part of life that has helped me to the best knowledge is-just that. took Lucy, I said I'd love her, comfort her, honor her and keep her in sickness and in health. I've tried, and we've been happy. Sir, love does it all. You'll want to comfort her, you'll have to honor her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all

the more.' From the bed came a strange sound. It was something between a laugh and a sob, and the doctor, turning, looked away again. Her husband's words had moved the wife to tears, but her face was ra-

diant with the joy in the upturned eyes. Temple laid his hand on hers-hers which could give no answering pressure. "Sir," he said, "I can't wish you better happiness than I've had. I wish you as much. And I take it I'm about the happiest man in London."

Was it drudgery, the toiling all day for daily bread, the work in the house and the preparation of the meals, the care of a helpless, almost speechless, invalid for 25' years, life literally bounded by the shop and the single room he called home, no outside companionship or relaxation? And still he was "the happiest man in London!"

Love is the sweetener and uplifter of daily toil. Love transforms what would else be drudgery into glad, joy giving ministry."—Sophie Bronson Titterington in Housekeeper.

What Has Become of Her?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who sang a piece entitled "The Brook" with piano accompaniment which was supposed to represent the babbling of running water?—Atchison Globe.

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JAMES COMLEY. *******

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LIFE'S RICHES.

The sweetness of the sunlight Makes the sweetness of the day: It needs but just a golden gleam To drive the gloom away, And all is bright and beautiful That was so cold and gray.

The love that comes with living Counts for all of living's best; It needs but just a tender touch, A heart throb in the breast, And all the world's in glory clad That was so poorly dress'd

The life that's rich with loving And the day that's rich with sun, Each hour is filled with happiness Till their glad race is run, For one hath all of earth that's fair

And all of heaven one -Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

The Bankiva's Vengeance.

A LEGEND OF TAGALS.

By Margharita Arlina Hamm.

**---The beautiful bankiva was not always the deadly bird it is nowadays. Neither did it always live in the forest and jungle and show itself to men for their destruc-

When the Tagals first came to Luzon, the bird was kind and friendly. No one ever hurt it or refused it food. This was because they were fond of the bird and also because it was the favorite of the Lord of the Winds. Old men said that there was a magic spell over the bankiva and that whoever broke it would bring misfortune and ruin upon himself, on all his kindred and on all his people. So long as the Tagals were poor they remembered what the old men said and obeyed their commands. Out of this obedience came prosperity and power, out of the power came wealth and pride, and out of the pride came sorrow and the vengeance of the bankiva.

It did not take place suddenly. First, they begrudged the bankiva food and called it a lasy and gluttonous bird, yet none hurt it or laid on it an unkind hand. Then they drove it away from their houses and the roofs and said that it robbed the tame fowls of their rice. Some hurt it with sticks and stones. bankiva showed no resentment, but played and sang to the children as before.

A new generation grew up which forgot the sayings of the wise men or remembered them as dreams. Another generation came, which forgot the sayings altogether, and a new sultan ruled over

southern Luzon. He was warlike and cruel, selfish and wicked. He had gold and jewels, strong Moro armor and Jolo weapons. He had cooks and many slaves. The food of his fathers was not good enough for him, and he had strange dishes prepared in his palace. His people marveled at the meats which were served. There were devilfishes and sea slugs, sharks' tails and tree cats, young antelopes and timarao

One day the sultan ordered his servants to catch all the bankivas, and it was done. They were still very tame and when the men approached did not try to escape. When captured, some were shut up in the houses, and others were tethered with cords to trees or posts. They were fed with rice and water an entire moon, and then the sultan decreed a catapusan, or great feast, for three days, in which the bankivas were to be killed, cooked and

The decree was carried far and wide. and the people came in from the country to take part in the festival. Hunters and soldiers brought game of all sorts from the forest and wild country; fishermen brought live fish from the sea, rivers and lakes, and farmers brought poultry

and cattle from the farms. On the morning of the first day of the feast, when the sultan was looking at the cooks as they started the great fires, an old man whom none had ever seen came before him, saying:

"Oh, your highness, I have come to beg mercy for the bankivas you are about to slay for the feast. They are sacred to the Lord of the Winds, and whose harms them shall surely suffer."

The sultan was astonished at the old man's boldness and called to his soldiers to seize and behead the stranger. But when they approached him he faded away into the air and was gone. A third of the bankivas were killed and cooked, and beautiful, indeed, they were when served at the feast. But when the people attempted to eat them they turned to black coals. Those who saw it wondered, and some remembered that their grandmoth. ers had told stories long before about the bankiva, yet they could not remember what the stories were. But the sultan was filled with wrath. He swore vengeance upon the old man and had several slaves beaten with bamboos for no reason whatever.

On the morning of the second day of the feast, as the cooks were replenishing the fires and the sultan and his wives and courtiers were looking at the work, the old man suddenly appeared before them and again begged mercy for the bankivas. Some of the people trembled, because the stranger looked larger than on the day before and because a terrible light was in his eyes, but the sultan was not troubled. The sight of the old man doubled his wrath, and he again called his guard to seize and behead the stran-

They drew their weapons and rushed upon the old man. This time he did not fade away, but turned and walked away. The bolos and creeses struck, but went through him as if he had been air or wa-Those who threw themselves upon him fell down as if he had not been there.

Another third of the bankivas were killed and cooked, and a fine sight they made when placed before the diners. Yet when the people attempted to eat them they turned to gray ashes. Those who saw it wondered, and one now remembered what the grandmothers had said about the bankiva. He told it to his neighbor and soon all knew that the bird was sacred to the Lord of the Winds and that sorrow and suffering were bound to follow. None dared to tell the sultan, who grew more angry every moment. He swore vengeance on the white haired wretch and vowed that he would kill every bankiva in Luzon. The feast that night was not joyous, and many people crept away to their homes in the dark-

On the morning of the third day, as Specialty. the cooks were rebuilding the fires and the sultan was talking to his captains,

the old man appeared again. He was larger than ever, so large that the stoutest warrior seemed a child beside him. He did not beg mercy, but demanded it, speaking in a voice which rolled like thunder far away. All who heard him trembled with great fear, all except the monarch, who drew his bolo and shook

it in the stranger's face. "No, miserable magician!" he shouted; "man of air and noise like a foolish wind. Every bankiva shall die, even though they turn to coals and ashes through your

The old man looked down upon him and then broke into a song which sound ed like the music the wind makes in the forest or in the masts in nighttime on the sea. It rose above all other sounds and brought every one from house and pal ace. As the people looked and listened they saw the imprisoned bankivas coming from the places where they had been shut in and the tethered ones leaving behind them the cords wherewith they had been bound. They swept toward the old man, who, still singing, extended his arms to them. Then the stranger rose into air, and the birds, opening their wings, followed him. Over the houses and fields they flew, filling the earth and heavens with their voices and at last were lost to sight in the distant mountains. A terror came upon all, even on the sultan, because they knew that they had looked upon the Lord of the Winds.

The catapusan was closed, and there was stillness over the land. The bankivas had gone away, and no song birds had come to take their places. The men and women noticed it, but said nothing. The children cried for their lost playmates. The cruel sultan said nothing, but must have been moved, because he sent a prahu to the Chinese country to buy singing birds of every kind. The prahu returned with thousands of little songsters, some of which were set free and the rest distributed among the people. They made much music, and all, from children to old folks, were delighted.

Several months passed, and the sum mer was upon the land. One hot day when the men and women were inside their houses and the children were at play the voice of the bankiva was heard. The grown people laughed and said, "They tired of the forest and have come and the little ones clapped their hands with joy and hastened to play with their old friends. The day passed, and in the cool of the afternoon the mothers went out to call the children. Look where they would they found none. Soon every man and every woman was searching the fields and rivers. When daylight died, torches were lighted, and through the night the search continued, but all they ever discovered was a line of little footmarks that ran across the fields and then lost itself in the jungle and the marsh. When they had made a count, they found that one-third of the children had gone away with the bankivas. One mother went mad and cried that she had seen many pieces of black coal along the line of the footmarks.

The summer passed, and there was no joy in the land. Sorrow was in the sultan's palace because his oldest son, a handsome boy of 9, had gone away with the children. The rains and big winds came, and nearly every one staid within doors. One day the rains ceased and the skies cleared, but the wind sang more loudly than ever. Long afterward people said that it sounded the same as the strong voice of the old man when he rose into the air. The children, who had grown weary of the storms, dashed out of doors and played merrily in the sun. Late in the afternoon the voices of many bankivas were heard. They were harsher than ever before and alarmed both mothers and fathers, who ran out to prevent their little ones from accompanying the bankivas, but it was too late. Not a child was to be seen. They had caught sight of the wonderful plumage and had wandered away with the fascinating

birds. The people searched as before during the evening and night, and all that they could find was a line of little footmarks across the fields into the jungle and the marsh. The mad woman who had lost a son declared that there were heaps of gray ashes along the path. Again they made a count, and again they found that one-third of all the children had gone away with the bankivas. He who suffered most of all was the sultan. Again a son had been taken away, but this time

it left him childless. There was an old woman, well nigh helpless with rheumatism, who lived between the village and the deep forest, On this day she had crawled out of the house and got into a hammock slung in the shadow of a molave tree. Once there she was too weak to leave it in the afternoon and so remained to rest. She said that while half asleep she was aroused by happy laughter and beautiful music. Looking from her hammock, she saw an army of bankivas, some walking and others dancing, some leaping and others flying. All were singing the sweetest songs and on all the plumage shone like burnished metal set with brilliant gems. Behind came the children, laughing, singing and dancing, as if to keep time with the birds. A cool breeze rustled the leaves and flowers and played about the birds and the little ones. The old woman laughed at the pretty picture and waved her hands to the procession, although they did not notice her. Not until they had gone beyond her sight and hearing did she think of danger. Then, and not before, she recalled how the first throng of children had been led away by the bankivas, and she wept, heartbroken.

The little Chinese birds sang, but there was sorrow throughout the land. Women whispered together, and men met in solitary places and held council. One morning there was wailing in the sultan's palace because the monarch was dead. When they came to carry his body to the burying ground, they found on the breast a bunch of bankiva plumes, which had not been there when the mourners laid it on the bier. All this happened many years ago. The

bankiva still lives in the heart of the forest and the jungle and never is seen near human habitations. Nevertheless, when careless mothers forget to watch over their little ones and permit them to play or wander at will unattended the relentless bankiva, who sees them from afar, flies and alights before them. He spreads his bright wings and ruffles his gleaming feathers until he seems made of living ewels. He dances and sings, ever moving backward, while his victims follow him laughingly until they have been swallowed up in the black forest or the

Sometimes the bankiva takes the soul and leaves the body. To every house the bankiva may come, and to many it has come. The curse of the Lord of Winds will never die so long as the bird lives in the forests of Luzon.—New York Even-ing Post.

BE PHILOSOPHICAL.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THE SUM-MER AND ITS SCENES.

There Is a Summer Time Philosophy That Is Based Upon a Degree of Cheerfulness With a Measure of

Look deep into the heart of the flower and see there the perfect form and color. It is not enough to merely gaze upon the outward form of the flower. There is more of beauty still that you may gather from looking closer and deeper.

Of course by the casual glance you may gather enough to please you, but there is something remaining—something that you might just as well have. There is no reason why you should cheat your-

In all the big, wide world there is beauty on every hand. There is much that is unlovely and unlovable, but a lot of this, if not all, you may shut your eyes to or look beyond.

If a rule could be laid down for summer time happiness, it would consist of simply this: Be cheerful.

To be cheerful it is necessary to gather in those impressions that inspire cheerfulness. To gather these impressions one must put oneself in an attitude to receive the best. You know there are two ways to look at things always. One is through the eyes of the optimist, and the other is through the eyes of the pessimist. Use the optimistic glasses for the summer There is no season when the pessimistic glasses are to be recommended. but if one is forced into the putting of them on at any time let it be when all the world is dull and dead. When the trees and grass are green, the flowers in bloom and the birds singing, smile then,

for nature is smiling.

It is only a bit of very simple philosophy that one needs to help one along through life and make the hardest places seem not so difficult to climb over. bit of philosophy is summed up in the old saying that every cloud has its silver lining. If the affairs of today go topsy turvy, the affairs of tomorrow may go

very smoothly, you know. There are the great joys of life, and there are the minor joys. For the most of us it is the minor joys that come tous, and these some of us do not always recognize. We miss them because we are looking out and wishing for the greater ones. There is a dear delight in the simplest song if the voice of the singer is sweet. It may not thrill the heart as some great oratorio, but it creeps in and touches a little silver thread that responds with a quiver that the soul recognizes. There is, or should be, joy in the hand clasp of a friend. Alas, to many of us regard this as such a commonplace thing that we do not gather from it all the pleasure that we might. If you think lightly of this, then go away to some place where you are a stranger, where there is none to whom you are especially dear. Then you will know how sad life is without it.

Life is something more than a mere existence. Every hour of it should be full of meaning. Every moment and all that every moment brings should be made the most of. Then one will know what it means to live.

Here is something to write on the first leaf of the new diary that you are just going to begin: "He possesses dominion over himself and is happy who can every day say, 'I have lived.' Tomorrow the Heavenly Father may either involve the world in dark clouds or cheer it with clear sunshine. He will not, however, render ineffectual things which have al-

ready taken place." Happy is the man or woman who is pleased by the simple things. Unfortuate is it to possess learning there is only pleasure to be found in deep things. It does not seem to me well to be educated away from the simpler things of life. It does not seem to me well to wish to shun those who are simple of heart and manner and to seek alone those

who are worldly wise and widely learned. There is many a pleasant hour to be spent with rustic folk amid rustic scenes, and if you are planning a summer time holiday then go where there is a little corner of the world still left that is simple. Forget the care and the striving that border the road to greatness, the

heartaches and the regrets. There is genuine summer time happiness awaiting the one who will go where there is a meadow all abloom, where the sun shines brightly over the clover blossoms and their fragrance is tossed about in waves as the warm breezes sport here and there. And this meadow under the moonlight-do not fail to look upon it then. The glaring greens of noon are toned into silver shades, dark and light. The daisies have folded their petals and are bowing their heads. The busy hum of the bees has died away, and there is only the occasional chirp of the cricket. There is a restfulness about the meadow under the moonlight that makes one forget that one was ever rebellious or out of

tune with the scheme of life. There is genuine happiness to be found in the heart of the wood, where tall trees stand so silently, wild vines creep and cling and a little silver stream threads

its way among the rocks. And there is genuine happiness to be found in the crowded town, should one not be able to leave it when the days are warm and sunny, if one will only make the best of one's home and its surroundings. The contented woman makes of her city home a very attractive place at all times of the year. Drop in to see the contented woman on the warmest day of the summer, and she will not remind you of the fact that the pavements are glaring white in the summer heat without. She will rather proceed to make you forget these things by giving you a big fan and an iced drink. The contented woman makes the best of her home and surroundings at any time or

season. Summer time happiness rests on cheerfulness and contentment. In fact, the whole year round is life made the better by these two delightful qualities of character or temperament, whichever you will call them.—Margaret Hannis in St. Louis Republic.

Just a Couple of Straws. Often the simplest means, if it can be

found, will remove a large obstacle. A mother, for whose delicate child a raw egg well beaten in milk was ordered for a daily breakfast, found it impossible to coax or threaten the little one into taking it. By chance it occurred to the perplexed parent to put a couple of straws in the glass. The child played with the straws every morning, and before she tired of the occupation the milk and egg were consumed

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Ex-Governor Brackett and his family are having a delightful rest at their summer home in Bradford, N. H., which is Mr. Brackett's native place. The townspeople are always pleased to welcome them. Mr. Brackett spends much of his time in reading, with now and then a stroll either in the woods, after berries, or to a favorite spring of his. Later on, they will go to Saratoga and then to the Adirondacks.

The annual reunion of the Frost family will be at Salem Willows, Saturday, Aug. An effort is being made to secure a large attendance this year.

Rev. and Mrs. Harry F. Fister are at Sturgis, Mich., Mr. Fister's old home, for a vacation.

A young man of 18, giving the name of

for a vacation.

A young man of 18, giving the name of Dudley H. Breverts, of Central street, was fined \$10 in the district court at Cambridge, Saturday, for larceny of lumber from the Blanchard Kendall Lumber company, on Water street. Lumber has been missed from the yard for some time, and the morning before the capture an employee saw a young man with a load on his back, but did not eatch him. Saturday morning, he watched again, and about 4.45 captured the offender and brought him to the police station.

the offender and brought him to the police station.

Seven members of Bethel lodge, I. O. O. F., went on the annual excursion to Worcester, Sunday, to visit the Odd Fellows' home, and to exchange fraternal greetings with the inmates of the institution. In the party were Charles Bunker, Nathaniel Whittier, Rufus A. Handy, William Prince, George Sawyer and Francis A. Clementson, of Arlington, and L. A. Austin, of East Lexington. The trip was made by trolley, and the company was met in Worcester by Charles D. Austin, borother of Mr. Austin, of East Lexington, who invited all to his home after the tour of inspection. The party accepted the invitation and partook of their host's hospitality in the shape of a bounteous dinner. The return trip to Boston was made by the steam cars, and the party arrived in Arlington about 10 e'clock.

Miss Sophia Freeman, of Pleasant

Miss Sophia Freeman, of Pleasant street, has gone to Medina, O. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Mansfield, of Wy-man street, are at Burlington, Vt. for the summer.

Mrs. James E. Kimball and family, of Massachusetts avenue, are spending a vacation at Onset.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Sloan and family have gone to Salisbury beach.

Chief of Police A. S. Harriman returned, Monday, from his annual vacation in Maine.

Wednesday, Chief Harriman recovered a gold watch, valued at \$50, in Boston, that was stolen from Timothy Mahoney, on Feb. 6. The thief must have thought well of the watch, as he did not pawn it until last Saturday.

until last Saturday.

The court record and arrests the past week were: July 20, Bernard F. Dolan, drunk, \$5; July 20, Dudley H. Proverbs, larceny, \$10; July 22, John F. Hanna, drunk, \$1; July 24, Kenneth E. Crouse, non-support, continued to July 27; July M. Philip Waxman, larceny, delivered to Reading officer; July 25, Charles Lindskom, drunk, \$1, committed.

Rev. Harry F. Fister, who is at Sturgis, Mich., writes that he and his wife received a warm reception there, the thermometer registering 102 degrees in the shade. Rev. and Mrs. Fister spentages at the Pan-American exposition.

Mrs. A. W. Martin, of 60 Teel street, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. R. Royal, in Sutton, Vt.

The annual outing of the Traders' association, which will be at Suntaug grove, Lynnfield. Thursday, will doubtless be a very enjoyable affair, as usual. Special cars leave at the corner of Mystic street at 7.45 and 8.15 in the morning, for the grove. A ball game between the business men and their clerks promises to be an interesting event, and other sports are being arranged.

Thomas F. O'Neil, aged 9 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Neil, of Warren street, died Thursday. The funeral was yesterday afternoon, with interment at Woburn.

at Woburn.

Rev. P. H. Quill, S. J., of the Church of the Gesu, and a professor at St. Joseph's college in Philadelphia, has been visiting at the St. Agnes parochial residence the past few days.

An automobile storage and repair station which is to be established by Wetherbee Bros. about the first of September will be a new departure from anything yet seen in Arlington. Up to this time the nearest station is Boston, which to many is inconvenient on account of the distance.

Miss Elizabeth Abbott is spending a month with her sister at Buffalo, N. Y. While there, she will visit the Pan-American exposition.

at Lynn, August 8.

William E. Wellington, of Dubuque, Iowa, is visiting relatives and friends here, and his presence is particularly welcomed by the members of the William E. Wellington drum corps and the Veteran Firemen's association. It will be remembered it was Mr. Wellington who furnished the outfit of fifes and drums for the drum corps some time ago, and the boys expect to turn out in good shape at the league muster at Lynn, Mr. Wellington being a veteran fireman of Arlington for many years, he is particularly interested in the local organization, and it is hoped he will be present at the next meeting of the association, Friday evening.

evening. What has been known as the Winches What has been known as the Winchester branch of the Lynn & Boston Street Railway company is now the Arlington & Winchester division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway company. The change will avoid the chance for mistakes between the Lexington & Boston Co. and this company, for previously both have been called the L. & B.

The Robbins library will be open during August from 2.30 to 5.30 p.m., except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the usual hours will be observed.

Should the selectmen declare vacant the office of assistant fire engineer, held by Frank P. Winn, there is likely to be rivalry as to who will be his successor. Mr. Winn was granted a leave of absence when he went west some time ago, but may return and desire to retain the position. The selectmen discussed the matter at their meeting Monday evening. Mrs. J. B. Tay fell down stairs, Monday evening, at her home, which is at the residence of J. W. Ronco of Broadway. She was badly bruised, although no bones were broken.

way. She was badly bruised, although no bones were broken.

While riding his horse on the avenue Sunday. William D. Elweil was thrown to the ground by the horse's slipping on the wet pavement and falling. The horse nearly rolled over the body of his driver, but to the surprise of all who saw it, no serious injury was sustained by either horse or man. The accident occurred at the corner of Pleasant street.

Miss Clara Worthley was pleasantly surprised at the home of her uncle, George I. Doe, of Jason street, Monday evening, by about 30 of her young friends. The lawn was finely decorated with Japanese lanterns, and the young people engaged in out-door sports and dancing. In behalf of the company, Miss Helen Marston presented the hostess a handsome dress suit case. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Rev. W. C. McAllister, D. D., of Randolph, will preach at the Baptist church, tomorrow morning.

Miss Mattle Richardson, of Pond lane, is visiting friends in Montelair, N. I.

Miss Mattle Richardson, of Pond lane, is visiting triends in Montclair, N. J.

M. A. Winslow Trow and family are spending a vacation at Birch island, Me. Miss Anna F. Hill is at Mouse island, Me., for the season,

Mrs. George Smith and daughter are on a visit to the Buffalo exposition. on a visit to the Buffalo exposition.

Mrs. Charles T. Hartwell entertained a number of young people on her lawn on Massachusetts avenue, last Saturday afternoon, the affair being in honor of her nièces and nephew of Lexington and Somerville. Games amused the young people, and refreshments added still more to the pleasurable occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Squier, who with their three daughters have been on a risit, are now at York Beach, Me:

BELMONT.

The selectmen, at a meeting held last Saturday, voted unfavorably in regard to granting a license to Mr. Rogers, for holding dances in the pavillion which has lately been erected adoining his store in Waverley. It has therefore been fitted up as an ice cream garden for the present, at least.

Selectman Davis left Thursday for his summer home at Lake Sunapee. Miss May Bateman, of Waverley stree; will leave town Monday to be gone the emainder of the summer.

Mr. J. Aifred Horton is again in Wav-erley after an absence of some months. The wife and daughter of Mr. Hazelton, who has lately been night watch-man in the McLean hospital, arrived in Waverley the first of the week, and will make this place—their permanent resi-

A permit has been granted to P. T. Shean to build a tenement house on land near Thomas street; also to remodel the blacksmith shop on Waverley street into a tenement house with stores on the street floor, and to build a new blacksmith shop in the rear.

blacksmith shop in the rear.

Mrs. Sarah A, Grotan, wife of B. F. Grotan, of Waverley, died Tuesday about 12 o'clock, after an illness of several months, during which time she has been a great sufferer. She was born in Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Me., and had lived in Waverley seven years. The funeral services were at the house Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and were in charge of the Revs. C. S. Scott and Geo. P. Gilman, There were many floral tributes.

The band concert. Thursday evening, in

of the Revs. C. S. Scott and Geo. P. Gliman. There were many floral tributes.

The band concert, Thursday evening, in the Waverley pavillion, was a grand success, and a large crowd thronged the street until the last piece was played.

Miss Sophronia A. Sweetser, of Trapelo road, passed away last Sunday, at the age of 66. She was born in Cambridge, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sweetser. On account of poor health when young, she was not able to enter the Cambridge public schools, but went to Walpole, N. H.. to recuperate. Friends with whom she was stopping gave her a course in a private institution, and after her health had somewhat recovered she returned to Cambridge and entered the high school. After her graduation, she became a teacher in the Prospect street school, Somerville, and later she and her sister, Miss H. F. W. Sweetser, opened a private school in Cambridge, which was kept up for a number of years, when her health again failed her. She moved to Waverley about 11 years ago, and was beloved by all who knew her. At the time when the Waverley oaks were being ruined by pests and decay, she set a movement on foot to preserve this landmark, and in her endeavor to do so wrote to ex-Gov. Russell, who answered, saying, "I have no authority in the matter, but will do what I can to assist you." The oaks were preserved, and since then she has been known as the "savior of the oaks." She was a regular attendant at the Unitarian church. The funeral services were held Wednesday at 3 o'clock at the house, and were in charge of the Rev. Dr. Albee. The interment was at Mt. Auburn eemetery. Many beautiful floral tributes were received from thoughtful friends.

The teachers of the primary department of the Waverley Lottarian Contact. The teachers of the Primary department of the Waverley Lottarian Contact.

The interment was at Mt. Auburn eemetery. Many beautiful floral tributes were received from thoughtful friends.

The teachers of the primary department of the Waverley Unitarian Sunday school, Miss Elizabeth Morrison, Miss Roscoe and Miss Chase, entertained their classes last Saturday afternoon in the woods near Holt street. Mr. John-Zedwards, the superintendent of the Sunday school, was the guest of honor. The little ones played games and roamed about at will until late in the afternoon, when they were all called together and refreshments were served. They expressed themselves as having had an excellent time.

Mrs. G. P. Gilman and son Charles are

Mrs. G. P. Gilman and son Charles are camping at Lake Squam, where Mr. G. P. Gilman will join them the last of Au-

gust.

A movement is on foot to organize a social club in Waverley. Messrs. William MacDougal, Wolfe and John Hennessey are the prime movers, and are working to make the enterprise a success. About fifteen young men have signified their intention of becoming members, and it is hoped that a larger number will have joined by the time the first meeting is held, which will be on the evening of Aug. 21, in the club rooms above Crocker's drug store. These rooms are well lighted, well ventilated and centrally located and would make excellent permanent club rooms, but that matter will be decided at the meeting.

Mr. Robert S. Edgar, son of W. W.

decided at the meeting.

Mr. Robert S. Edgar, son of W. W. Edgar, of Waverley, arrived yesterday from Liverpool, on the ocean liner Commonwealth, after an absence of two years from his native land. During that time he has studied the art of horticulture and it was his intention to have staved another year, but his desire to again be on American soil and breather. Walter Pierce, of the Eureka Vets, is again be on American soil and breather the American air was too strong. Most the Amnual New England league muster at Lynn, August 8.

William E. Wellington of Dubuque,

Miss Louise Kendall, of Waverley, is taking a course in Psychology at the Harvard summer school.

Miss Maud Roscoe returned last Mon-day from a most enjoyable visit to Mar-

La Bonte's "graphophone" and "Reg na" are a source of pleasure to large gatherings every evening.

Miss Mabel Houlahan, of Waverley, who was quite seriously injured the lat-ter part of last week, has greatly im-A team from the Arlington Golf club

played a team from the Winchester Golf club, at Winchester, yesterday.

While canoeing on the Charles river. last Sunday, Messrs. Wm. Hough and Thomas Kimball, of Belmont, were upset by a swell caused by the steamer They were brought safely ashore, and suffered no ill effects from their bath. Two young ladies were with them, suffered no ill effects from their bath.

Mr. Frank McCabe, son of D. S. Mc-Cabe, was married the latter part of last week to Miss Fannie Hall, of Cavendish, Vt. The ceremony was held at Caven-dish and was a very quiet affair. Miss Hall has resided with Mr. McCabe's folks Hall has resided with Mr. McCabe's folks for some time, but owing to illness was obliged to return to her home to recuperate, and Mr. McCabe considered that there would be no more appropriate time for celebrating the occasion. Miss Hall is a young lady of charming disposition, is highly cultured, and has a host of friends.

One of the grocery wagons of J. E. Flagg, of Waverley, broke down in Boston, last week Friday, and had to remain in the street until another team could be driven from Waverley to take the load, after which the wagon was placed in a repair shop.

repair shop.

An employee of the Belmont Coal company was gored in the arm Tuesday, by a vicious cow. The wounds inflicted are quite serious, and it is expected that he will be laid up for several weeks.

Mrs. Fuller, of Waverley, has returned from New Jersey.

Mr. Funn Britan

Mrs. Fuller, of Waverley, has returned from New Jersey.

Mr. Evan Pierce, a most respected townsman of Waverley, died at his residence on Burnham street, last Saturday, of heart failure. He was born in Wales, 42 years ago, and came to Waverley 14 years ago, and during that time 'had secured the respect and esteem of all with whom he had met, and had a host of friends. He was a member of the Comodorian society, most of whose members are of Welsh descent. The funeral services were held at his late residence, Tuesday, at 2 p.m., in charge of the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Linden, and a large delegation from the Comodorian society was present, Music was furnished by a quartet. The pallbearers were Messrs. Phelps, Hughes, Jones and Roberts, all members of the society. The interment was in Belmont cemetery. Many beautiful floral tributes were received. The deceased leaves a widow and three children who attend school in Waverley.

TAX RATE IS \$16.80. The assessors have just completed the work of figuring up the assessed valuation of the town of Belmont and find that, although the state, county and city taxes are larger than they have been previous to this year, the increase in the valuation of real and personal estate

caused by the erection of houses and improvements in other ways offset this increase and will alleviate the necessity of increasing the tax rate, which will be \$16.80, the same as last year. The metropolitan water tax will be met by receipts of the water board, but the metropolitan sewerage and park assessments not having been apportioned, will be paid from the overlay and from the town treasury. There are at present 649 houses, 214 barns, 400 horses and 214 cows in the town of Belmont according to the record. The assessed valuation of the town is: Real estate, \$3.925.310; personal estate, \$1.365.960; 1084 polls at \$2, \$2168; total. \$5.321.270; rate of taxation, \$16.80; town grant, \$80.005.06; state tax, \$3.185; county tax, \$5.733.45; overlay, \$2611. In regard to the agitation in favor of street watering, it is stated that it lies with he community, to be determined by popular vote, as to whether the town will raise sufficient money by taxation to pay for the watering of the town's streets in the outlying districts. When the question was agitated before, it was not officially known that the inhabitants of the town numbered 3.000 people, and so the matter was allowed to drop and the appropriation for the care of highways did not include an appropriation for the watering of the streets of the town.

OVERCOME BY THE HEAT.

OVERCOME BY THE HEAT.

Dennis Crowley, who has been in the employ of Benjamin Adams, of Belmont, for some months, was overcome by the heat, last week Friday, while at work, and after having rested for a time, went to Mrs. Adams and told her that he would be obliged to leave her, for a time at least, and go over to his brother John's, who works for Mr. Bright, at market gardening, on Washington street, to rest as he was very badly played out. He was persuaded to rest a while longer, but Saturday morning he went to his brother's and during the first of the day appeared to be very sick. All went well until afternoon, when he became very violent, so much so that it was found necessary to place him in the Waltham hosp'tal. Evervthing went well until late into the night and Crowley seemed to be resting quietly when suddenly an attack came on and he left his bed and rushing to a nearby window, jumped out and disappeared. The police were notified throughout the outlying districts, and Sunday morning officers of station 14 in Brighton located the man and turned him over to Chief of police Ryan. He was examined by a doctor and it was found that the heat had affected his brain. It was found necessary to confine him is some institution, and so it is understood that he was sent at once to the Worcester Insane asylum.

Mrs. Adams sald to an Enterprise reporter that Crowley has always been faithful to duty since he has been working for their family, and she has never seen any signs of liquor about him and is confident that he is not a drinking man. She was very sorry that anything should have occurred to him, and said that she hoped that it was only temporary.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

A. B. C. WINS LAST GAME. The Wellington base-ball nine went down to defeat again Saturday, before the Arlington Boat club team, by a score of 10 to 6. The visitors appeared to have the best of it up to the eighth inning, but the home nine by a few hits and a few errors on the part of the Wellington boys changed the possible defeat into a sure victory. In the ninth the visitors attempted to rally, but were too late. Wood put up a great game behind the bat, and Cook was effective in the box. Gray, Harris, Stafford and Patch made good records, and Jones, who pitched for the visitors, worked hard to win. The score: Wellington base-ball

Harris cf Rankin rf ... Twombly 1b Jellerson 2b Nowell 3b . Wood c Cook p Wellington. McLaughlin ss . Loran 1b Stafford 3b Jones p ... Lewis lf ... Patch 2b ... Whalen cf Ball rf

Struck out. Christenson. Rankin. Jellerson 2. McLaughlin. Loran. Jones Patch. Whalen. Ball 2. Passed balls. Manton 2. Wild pitch. Jones. Hit by pitched ball. Lewis. Umpire, Duffy.

CLASS REUNION.

The class of 1869 of the old Cotting school, of Arlington, held a reunion last Saturday at the home of Miss Susie A. Winn, of Summer street. Nine out of the ten living members of the class were present, and the occasion was one long to be pleasantly remembered. It was the class, which numbered 13 members. Those present at the reunion were: Mrs. Nellie Osborne Bryant, Miss Susie A. Winn, Mrs. Lella Fessenden Prescott, Mrs. Nellie Osborne Bryant, Miss Susie A. Winn, Mrs. Lella Fessenden Prescott, Mrs. Nellie Osborne Bryant, Miss Clara Russell, of Cambridge, and Miss Alice Dodge and Miss Anna Dodge, of their lunches on the rocks along the shore.

Miss Amy Jones, of Dorch-ster, is visiting Mrs. William A. Webber, of Bartlett avenue.

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Miss Amy Jones, of Dorch-ster, is visiting Mrs. William A. Webber, of Bartlett avenue.

Miss Amy Jones, of Claremont avenue.

Miss Alice Dodge and Miss Anna Dodge, of Emporia, Kansas. are the guests of Miss Mays is Simpson of Claremont avenue.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

Rev. John G. Taylor exchanges tomorrow forenoon with Rev. Charles L. Noyes, of Winter Hill, Somerville.

Cutter.

Dinner was served on the lawn, and the ladies reviewed the former school days until late in the evening.



When Sultry Summer Comes,

and even vigorous appetites are impaired by the depre-sing heat, those little delica-cies and tood preparations offered in our unequalled collection of choice groceries meet the emergency most admirably. Happily these discoveries in satisfaction require little or no cooking, and can be served directly from the can or package. We secure all the new things as fast as brought out, always-lesding, never follow-ing.

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Four Producing Wells.

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Production Over 1000 Barrels Per Day,

and only two acres developed. What will it mean when 50 acres are developed? Many claim it will take our wells to drain the oil sand on one acre of land.

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Arlington Heights.

Rev. Mr. Taylor moved to 5 Acton treet, on Tuesday, Mr. Warner did the

Master Henry Winthrop Taylor left or Cape Breton, Tuesday noon, intend-ng to spend his vacation in Nova Scotia. Master John Mackintire Taylor spent Wednesday afternoon with friends at City Point and Castle Island.

The Congregational church looks new and attractive in its second coat of paint, Mr. Wallace, of Wallace Bros., doing a first-class job. The Wallace Brothers are first class workmen, and are busy men these days.

are busy men these days.

Among the guests at "The Belvidere" are: Mrs. Hiram Knapp, Miss Katherine Knapp, Mrs. F. B. Lane. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Eddy of Boston, Mrs. J. H. Wood, William H. Wood, of New Bedford, Miss F. B. Warland, E. M. Warland, Miss Marion Dougherty, Mrs. McKean, of Cambridge, Frederick Fosdick, of Fitchburg. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hall.

Rev. A. W. Lorimer, of Forest street, left Monday on his vacation, which he will spend at Mt. Desert Island, Me.

The Sunshine club had an excursion will spend at Mt. Desert Island, Me.

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by Gray Christenson 2, Twombly Jelerson 2, Twombly Jelerson 2, C. Targens and family of Claremont

Wellington 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 3-6
Runs made. by Gray. Christenson 2,
Harris. Rankin. Twombly. Jellerson 2,
Nowell 2. McLaughlin. Manton 2. Loran,
Stafford, Jones. Two-base hits, Harris,
Nowell. Wood. Stolen bases, Gray,
Christenson. Jellerson. Nowell. Manton
2. Loran, Jones Lewis 2 First base on
balls. Gray, Jellerson 2. Wood. Jones.
Struck out. Christenson. Rankin. Jellerson 2. McLaughlin. Loran. Jones. Patch,
Whalen. Ball 2. Passed balls. Manton 2.
Wild pitch. Jones. Hit by pitched ball,
Lewis. Umpire, Duffy.

Rev. John G. Taylor exchanges tomor-row forenoon with Rev. Charles L. Noyes, of Winter Hill, Somerville.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Last Sunday, Rev. A. W. Lorimer gave pleasant and helpful talks both morning

and evening.

The Christian Endeavor society meets

Subject. "Missions: The Christian Endeavor society meets at 6 o'clock Sunday. Subject, "Missions: True Philanthropy." Gal. 6: 1-10." Leader, Mrs. Isa Burtt.

Tomorrow, Theodore Foster, of Boston, will speak in the morning and evening. His subject in the morning will be: "Follow Me"; in the evening, "The Strenuous Life." In the evening all the young peeple of the Heights are invited.

NEVER A MORE POPULAR SUMMER MEETING.

The Christian Alliance camp-meeting, which opens at Old Orchard on August 1st, is one of the most widely known summer meetings held in New England. lst, is one of the most widely known summer meetings held in New England. Chief of its attractions is the excellent program provided, while the location of the camp-meeting grounds is another feature of no little importance. Old Orchard needs no introduction to the camper, for no region has more or better attractions. For bathing there is an eight-mile stretch of the finest beach known hereabout. The groves which stand back from the shore are always delightfully cool. The amusements are of a nature quiet and unobtrusive, and the ocean pier is the coolest place on the coast. There are walks along the shore and drives into the country which are enchanting; while at the camp-meeting grounds the program for each session has been so arranged that there is never a tiresome moment. The speakers are every one of them noted for their eloquence and the musical numbers include chorus, solo and instrumental work. The 1901 session begins on August 1st and continues through to August 1st, and continues through to August 1st, and during that time the Boston & Maine railroad will sell, reduced rate tickets to Old Orchard. Inquire of your ticket agent for information; if he hasn't it he will procure it for you.

In order to correct a misrepresentation, the undersigned wish to call your attention to the fact that they are in no way connected with any corporation or trust.

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> W. G. HADLEY, J. G. HADLEY.

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to give you just the kind of printing to draw trade. A postal, or call Telephone 301-2 Arlington, will bring us and we will talk the matter over to our mutual benefit.

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ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS and bands for corpulency, lame backs, lapatrotomy, weak abdomens, prolapsus uteri, etc.

Improved Shoulder Braces when business is dull to lay and spinal braces, all very neat. Appliances for physical deformities. Instepsupporters for flat feet.

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Collection and Bankruptcy proceedings.

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DAVID CLARK.

same business at 10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON, Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings and evening parties. Also a wagonette for pleasure parties. Tel connection.

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